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A

P O E T'S B A Z A A R.

FROM THE DANISH OF

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

AUTHOR OF

"THE IMPROVISATORE."

BY CHARLES BECKWITH, ESQ.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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BIOGRAPHY
OF
HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

IN these days it is indeed rare to find a man of genius emerging out of obscurity by the sheer force of his own abilities. He seems at the present time more frequently determined to his particular profession, by the compulsion or the advice of his family, or his friends, than precipitated into it by his own uncontrollable impulses. Parents will have their children to be such or such; and they send them to school to be educated for geniuses. We Danes still

acknowledge a religious veneration for the inherited yoke of the schools, and are content to accept a feeble reflection of our ancestors' superannuated wisdom.

Thus, it happens that when a genuine poet arises, he is considered as a sort of foundling, whom no one is bound to protect; worse than this, as one, the development of whose talents all, or nearly all, with more or less virulence obstruct. Yet true genius will force its way. Outward and untoward circumstances may delay its manifestation, but they only reinforce the inborn principle. Our literature has not to show two instances of a fixed determination to excel in spite of every obstacle, more remarkable than those of Oehlenschläger and Andersen. The former, long after it was vain to deny his extraordinary powers, has often been the subject of the most bitter critical attacks, while the latter first gained a plenary acknowledgment of his claims on the continent, where a more enlightened civilization has

broken down the dogmas of the schools, and substituted a taste for the fresh and the natural.

Let us briefly show what the subject of our memoir has had to encounter, and how he has conquered.

Andersen was born in Odensee on the 2nd of April, 1805, of poor parents. His grandparents had at one time been wealthy villagers, whom various misfortunes had reduced to necessity, and who had, in consequence, been compelled to remove to Odensee. Here, their son carried on the trade of a shoemaker. He had, at an early age, exhibited a peculiar disposition of mind, (probably inherited from his father, who was insane,) and would sometimes vent in verse the feelings of strong dislike he entertained to his condition in life. When he was about to be married, his means were so narrow that he was compelled to construct his bridal bed out of the pedestal of a Count's coffin, which he had bought at an auction.

The grandmother of our poet plays an important part in the history of his childhood. She had the care of the garden of the hospital; and here the intelligent boy, who was susceptible of the most vivid impressions, and who frequently spent entire days with the old lady, listened with heart and soul to the fables and ghost stories which were related to him by the inmates of the hospital, and had his mind filled with superstitious and religious images. It is told of him, that one day he went out with his mother and some other children to glean on a property, the steward of which was well known to be morose and ill-natured, and who perceived them at their employment. The rest fled at his approach; he alone stood his ground, and with his childish, naïve exclamation, "How dare you beat me when God can see you?" he softened the severe man, whose stick was already lifted against him.

Sometimes his father took him on his lonely walks into the forest. He made a

doll's theatre and other playthings for the lad, and in the evening would read to him from his small library, which consisted of Holberg's works, an old translation of Shakspeare, and a volume of story and rhyme books, which the child soon began to study of his own accord.

The Spaniards had been in Fyen : they had again left, and the war approached its termination. Andersen's father, however, knew not this. His melancholy enthusiasm was excited, and would not suffer him to be at peace. He enlisted suddenly as a private, expecting that the war would carry him to promotion and fortune. But he only reached Holstein ; the conclusion of peace dismissed him back again to Odensee, where he soon afterwards fell ill and died.

Meanwhile, the son received a very poor education in a parish school : his leisure hours he sometimes spent with a Madame Bunkeaflo, the widow of a clergyman, who, in 1784,

was included in a published list of Danish poets. Here for the first time he heard the name of a poet spoken of with reverence ; and now he himself determined to be a poet, and when only nine years of age, began to write comedies and tragedies, in which he sought to discriminate the characters of persons of rank from merely ordinary beings, by interlarding their speeches with French and German words. But his public was not at all grateful : the street boys called him the comedy-writer : with his strange frankness and extraordinary manners, he was exposed to many kinds of taunts, which in a very high degree mortified his affectionate and irritable mind ; and when once, on the schoolmaster's birthday, he presented him a little poem, he was laughed at for his kind intentions. Meanwhile his mother's circumstances became worse, and she sent him to a manufactory to gain something. Here he amused the workmen by his fine voice, and by reciting scenes from Holberg ; but as his girl-

ish looks and manners soon exposed him to rude treatment, he fled from thence.

He was now twelve years of age, and had read with eagerness all the books he could procure, and as he could not attain the object of his most earnest desire, viz. a visit to the theatre, he sat at home and performed alone in his puppet theatre the whole of Shakspeare's "King Lear," and "The Merchant of Venice." When an itinerant troop was in the town, he procured the play-bills, sat at home with them, and composed from the *dramatis personæ* whole comedies, such as they were, so that his mother began to fear that he was taking leave of his senses. His intense interest for dramatic affairs, and the acquaintances he made, when the Copenhagen actors visited Odensee, enabled him to succeed in obtaining small, and generally mute parts to perform. Sometimes he sang in the chorus,—a privilege which enabled him to learn a number of songs, even large portions of operas.

But his uncommon manners and peculiarity of

disposition had now excited an interest in his favour in several families of rank, and he was particularly well received by Colonel Høegh Guldberg, brother to the poet. His mother marrying a second time, he was intended for the trade of a tailor, a distinction with which he felt for the time satisfied, on account of the resources which here disclosed themselves for the wardrobe of his puppet theatre. At his confirmation, he wore boots and respectable clothes for the first time ; and his joy upon this was so extravagant, that it disturbed his devotion in the church,—a mood he has expressed so poetically in the tale of the “ Red Shoes.” He had, by degrees, saved a sum of thirteen dollars ; and now he entreated his mother to let him go to Copenhagen, in order to get an engagement at the theatre, or to become an “ illustrious man,” like those of whom he had read. But the good woman first applied to a fortune-teller, and as this oracle predicted for him fortune and greatness, and that even “ Odensee should hereafter

be illuminated in honour of him," he obtained permission to travel.

He arrived at Copenhagen on the fifth of September, 1819, just when the well-known Jewish feud, described by himself in his "Only a Fiddler," had set the whole town in an uproar. He wandered, in the first place, to the theatre; but he only regarded it from the outside, with the same holy devotion that a lover regards his first ideal of love. The next day he put on his confirmation dress, and went to Madame Schall, a *danseuse*, to whom he had a letter of recommendation. He made his wishes known to this lady, and on her asking him what character he thought himself able to perform, he answered, "Cinderella!" and at the same moment began to sing and dance this well-known female part, but in so strange a manner and with such uncouth actions, that she thought him insane, and bade him begone.

After this repulse he proceeded to the chief

manager of the Royal Theatre, to seek an engagement, but got for answer that "he was too thin." All hope now seemed gone. Nevertheless, in this deplorable state, he bought a ticket for the gallery, and saw the ballet of "Paul and Virginia." The separation of the lovers made so deep an impression upon him, that he burst into tears, and with his usual sincerity told those who sat near him the whole particulars of his distressful condition, applying the contents of the ballet to himself, and his unfortunate love for the theatre.

Meanwhile, his stock of money was reduced to a dollar. In his despair, he went on trial to a carpenter, who had advertised for a workman; but the first day he was frightened away by the indecent conversation he heard in the workshop. He now remembered his voice, which had so often been praised in Odensee. Accordingly, he waited upon Professor Siboni, who happened to have a dinner party, and amongst other guests were the poet Baggesen

and the composer Weyse. He approached the table, sang, and performed, until, the thought of his own forlorn situation suddenly coming into his mind, he burst into tears. Baggesen predicted that he would one day come to something. Weyse collected seventy dollars for him, and Siboni began to form his voice. But it was already in a state of transition, and was soon lost. By the assistance of several noblemen, however, he was enabled to remain in Copenhagen. The poet Guldberg taught him Danish and German; and at last he became a pupil at the theatre, under the instruction of Lingdreen, frequenting the dancing school daily, and performing in some ballets. Still filled with superstition, he sneaked into the theatre on a New-year's Eve, to pronounce some words on the stage, (he said the "Lord's Prayer" on his knees,) hoping that by this propitiation he might be permitted to make his *début* before the year's end. At home in

his room, he still occupied himself with his puppet theatre.

But the slumbering call of nature, which had hitherto expressed itself like an indeterminate passion for music and the drama, now began to awake in another direction: he wrote a tragedy in verse. Mrs. Rahbeck of Bakkehuus, had, half in jest, called him a poet; he took the hint, and sent some dramatic works to the theatre, which were, however, rejected as immature. But the present conference-councillor Collin, who was a member of the direction of the theatre, had discovered traces of mind in this performance, which promised something extraordinary; and this excellent man—into whose house and family Andersen afterwards was adopted, as a son in an affectionate home—by his influence procured him free lodging and education in the Latin-school at Slagelse. He now studied very diligently, and withdrew himself almost entirely from all

sorts of poetical reading; but the rector, in whose house he resided, and whom he afterwards accompanied to Elsinore, misunderstood his pupil's naturally mild and ingenuous nature, and the strong impulses that stirred within him; and as the mode of scholastic discipline, adopted by the stern pedagogue, was altogether a mistaken and a vicious one—a fact he had afterwards the candour and generosity to acknowledge, Collin took him out of the school as soon as he was made acquainted with it. He now enjoyed private instruction under Cand. Theol. (now priest,) L. C. Müller, so honourably known by his zeal for the northern languages and history, and a year afterwards, he took his “*examinatio artium*” with the next best degree.

During his stay at this school, he had written some very promising poems, amongst others that of “*The Dying Child*,” which met with general approbation, but for which at the time, and then only after many and vain trials, he obtained a publisher: it is now translated

into many languages, even into the Greenland.

In his walks to and from the house of his teacher, Müller, who then lived at Christianshavn, certain humorous ideas from time to time floating in his brain, at length fixed themselves upon and united themselves to the prosaic localities that met his eyes daily ; and the conjunction produced his " Pedestrian Journey to Amack," an essentially literary satire, in the shape of a humorous story, of which some fragments first appeared in Heiberg's " Flying Post." It was published some years after he had become a student, and had such an extraordinary success, that a few days afterwards a new edition was published, and in 1839, even a third, besides a Swedish reprint.

The principal reason why his earlier noticeable works appeared in a negatively ironical form was undoubtedly the treatment he had endured at his first school, by which every effusion of his lively and excitable feelings had been repressed and ridiculed. He was now

kindly received in different highly respectable families, as, for instance, in H. C. Orsted's and Commodore Wulff's, a circumstance which had certainly a fortunate and improving influence upon him. The injustice of pronouncing a decided judgment on a young poet was signally shown in some circles, where several persons—because of some less mature works—condemned him irrecoverably, whilst they at the same time praised poems printed by him without his name.

In autumn, 1829, he took his second examination with the highest degree, and the same year wrote "Love on Nicholas' Tower," an heroic vaudeville in one act, which on its performance at the theatre was received with immense applause by his fellow-students, who were justly proud of him; but although it exhibited wit and humour, it was in itself a faulty work, particularly since it satirised something which does not exist amongst us. Shortly after, in 1830, appeared his first col-

lection of poems, which were so full of freshness, humour, and natural sentiment, that they were received with unusual applause, both by the public and the critical tribunal. In this volume appeared likewise his first attempt in that direction, which he afterwards pursued with such extraordinary success—the “Prosaic Popular Stories.” He now undertook a journey through the Danish provinces, and then edited, in 1831, a new collection of poems, “Fancies and Sketches,” which in their more serious and melancholy intonations, showed that a change had taken place in his mind. If he had before sometimes approached Hoffmann, one here perceived the influence of Heine. But the truth is, he had been for a space driven from the natural and darling bias of his poetical mind. The author of the well-known “Spectral Letters,” H. Hertz, attacked him with so much talent and unsparing ridicule, because of the haste and incorrectness which are to be found in the language

and verses of several of his works, contrasted with the flowing and natural versification of his earlier performances, that the joyous abandonment to which he had heretofore surrendered his muse, chilled and mortified, was changed into the direct contrary.

In the summer of 1831, he made an excursion into northern Germany, the Hartz Mountains, Saxony, &c., of which he gave a lively and poetical picture in his "Shadow-Images." On this tour he became acquainted with Tieck and Chamisso, who translated some of his little poems, and were the first who brought the Germans to notice his abilities. In 1832, he edited a little collection of "Vignettes to Danish poets:" here we find sharp and dazzling wit conjoined with ardent and tender sentiment.

It is well-known, if even a poet succeeds, and even if he be prolific, that he will not be able to live on his works amongst so small a reading public as the Danish as yet supply.

The journal-literature was at that time not developed amongst us, and there was no notion of any payment on the part of editors for the contributions sent. Andersen was therefore obliged to translate pieces for the theatre, for instance, "The Ship," and "The Queen of Sixteen Years," and to write words for the operas of several of our composers; "The Bride of Lammermoor," for Bredahl; "The Raven," for Hartmann, 1832; and "The Feast of Kenilworth," for Weyse, 1836.

The shackles he was obliged to place upon his muse, could not but operate disadvantageously in a poetic sense; but his restraints or an excusable carelessness, if such it were, resulted in this, that "The Maanedes Skriot, (The *Æsthetical Critic*)," by Molbeck, who had hitherto spoken favourably of him, from that moment became his declared adversary, so much the more, because just then the polemic author of "The Spectral Letters," and another poet, (Paludan Müller,) who appeared subsequently to Andersen,

entirely monopolized his critical amenities. Thus, Andersen's "Collected Poems," which before had been favourably reviewed in a separate form in the same journal, were now noticed in an almost hostile spirit; which was the case likewise with his "Twelve Months of the Year 1833," though in this poem every impartial person must discover a peculiarly fresh and cordial lyrical power, and some portion of it, for instance, July month, is equal to the most beautiful poems he has written.

The same year he, and his literary foe, Hertz obtained a stipend from the government to travel. Abroad, one feels with double force the tie of a common country: the two literary adversaries first met in Rome, but being noble poetic natures, they met as friends, and travelled together to Naples.

Andersen first went to Paris, and from thence accepted an invitation to Switzerland, where he finished his dramatic poem, "Agnete and

the Merman," which, though it evinces an extraordinary development of poetic talent, though his poesy here bursts forth in deeper, fuller, and mightier tones than before, produced much less effect or attention at home than his earlier and less perfect works. On the same day on which he, fourteen years before, poor and helpless had arrived at Copenhagen, he stepped on Italian ground, and a new world now opened to his glowing fancy. At Rome he formed a friendship with Thorvaldsen, and the encouraging acknowledgment of that great sculptor, the contemplation of the treasures of art, the richness of nature, the mixed manners of the people, were of a deep and beneficial effect upon his poetic soul; and the fruit of this was his most renowned work, "The Improvisatore," which he finished shortly after his return in 1835. Even amongst his friends doubts had arisen, whether his uncommon poetical temperament would expand itself into a higher development; but

these doubts vanished when "The Improvisatore" appeared. One is enraptured with the prodigious truth and warmth with which Andersen, in this extraordinary work, conjures up the body and spirit of Italy, and Italian moving human life, in a series of charming scenes, and a cluster of captivating images. Persons, who before had been adversaries, changed their opinions and feelings on the appearance of this book; a second edition soon appeared, and was received with extraordinary success in Germany. Persons of distinction and consideration, as for instance the noble Count Rantzow of Breitenberg, sought the author in the best spirit, and emulated each other in receiving him into their domestic and social circles with a kindness and esteem not generally bestowed amongst us on literary men.

But at the same time that Andersen gave into the allurements of such a life, his fecundity seemed to increase. In 1835, his first "Tales

and Stories" appeared, which were every where received with uncommon success. In these, particularly in some of the latter, we discover the culmination of his genius. In 1836, he published the novel of "O. T. or Life in Denmark," which is distinguished by a lively description of national manners; the same year, the pastoral drama, "Parting and Meeting," which—by-the-bye—we could wish to see resumed at the theatre; and in 1837, the novel, "Only a Fiddler," which with no small humour portrays interesting and strongly-drawn characters.

The next year he published three poems. In 1839, he wrote (for scenery and decorations prepared for a piece by Hertz,) the vaudeville of "The Invisible on Sprogo," which is so filled with lively and frolicsome humour, that it has retained the favour of the public, often as it has been performed. A still larger amount of prosperity has attended his first greater attempt in the drama, the romantic drama of "The Mu-

latto," produced in 1840, the subject of which was taken from a French novel. The piece met with great success in Sweden, where his poetical genius had been at an earlier period acknowledged ; and when Andersen in the same year remained some days in Lund, he was received with a mark of honour which made an ineffaceable impression upon him. He was invited to a splendid dinner, and was serenaded by the students of Lund, who were proud of being the first to pay him such public homage.

The same year he published a "A Picture-Book without Pictures," a series of admirably poetical and fantastic ideas, which was received with universal success, as well at home as abroad ; and after having submitted a tragedy to the theatre, "The Moorish Girl," which had less success on the stage, he set out, (still in 1840,) on a tour to Italy, Greece, and, Asia-Minor, which he has enthusiastically and poetically commemorated in a "Poet's Bazaar."

After his return, he published three collections of new tales and stories, which have served to increase the acknowledgment of his mastery in this direction; and lastly the dramatic tale, "Fortune's Flower," which was performed last winter with great success, although the critic in his wisdom in this instance, as well as on many earlier occasions, has not quite agreed with the unlearned public, which judges, and will still continue to judge, of the value of a dramatic performance, by the impression it makes upon its fancy or its feelings.

In the winter of 1843 he again visited Paris, and was kindly received by V. Hugo, A. Dumas, Lamartine, Alfr. de Vigny, and others. Last year, on an excursion into Germany, he was received with great attention and hospitality, particularly by the Grand Duke of Saxe Weimar, and spent the twenty-fifth anniversary of his first arrival in Copenhagen at Föhr, where their Majesties, the King and Queen of

Denmark, who at that time resided there, showed him much favour and kindness.

If we compare Andersen with several other existing Danish poets we must allow that, in energy of expression, psychological profundity, national cordiality, reflective depth, and formal correctness, he is inferior to several of his contemporaries ; but in creative fancy, in affluence of imagery, in warmth of colouring and sprightly humour, he certainly far surpasses all our Danish poets younger than Oehlenschläger. An ardent, ingenuous nature, an unaffected national feeling runs through all he has written, and his genuine unsophisticated language of the heart, well understood by all, of whatever nation, has certainly contributed very much to the applause and welcome reception given to him in such abundant measure out of his native country : while it is this foreign encouragement, perhaps, that has operated less favourably for him with his critical countrymen. His individuality

has, as a German author observes, "by its harmless and open presentment, in which an affectionate and truly poetical mind reflects itself, procured him friends every where."

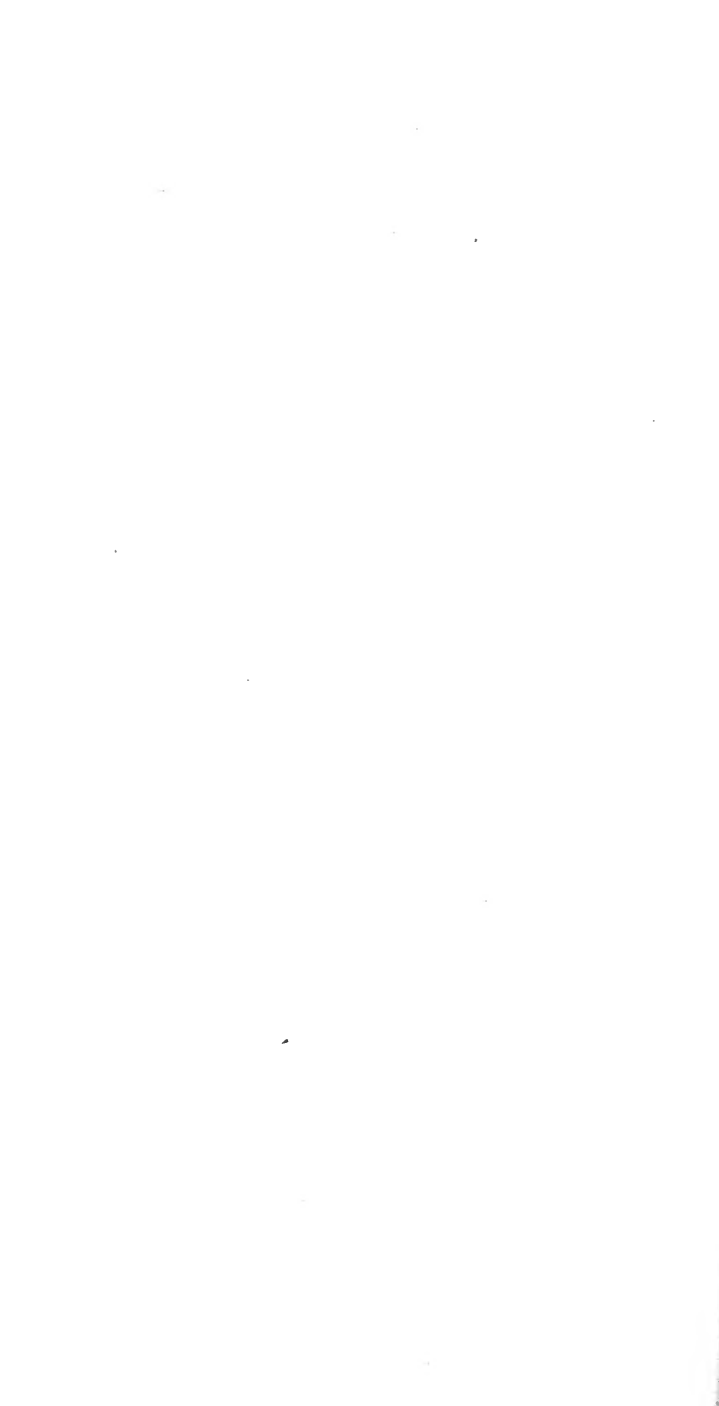
To this may be added, that he has never hidden his less successful works from the public, and never observed the calculating prudence and little finesses in life, of which less richly gifted authors often make a successful use to gain or to preserve a literary reputation. If, however, he enjoys a reputation—which is not to be denied, and a very high one too—let it be all the more attributed to the real poetical worth of his works.

He who has conversed often with Andersen, will know how steadfastly and cheerfully he acknowledges a beneficent Providence, whose guidance has led him through many strange vicissitudes to a station in which he finds himself happy ;—where he understands himself and life—will know, how warm his heart beats for his home, and for those Royal, noble, and gentle,

who, with unusual kindness, have promoted the development of his character and talents.

Most of his works have been translated into the English, the French, the German, the Russian, the Swedish, and the Dutch languages, and some of them in each of these nations have gone through several editions.

At the close of the year 1845, Andersen again set out on his travels, with the intention, (as he informed the translator of this work,) of visiting Germany, Holland, France, Italy, Spain, and England on his return. During his stay at Berlin, he was received with much cordiality by the King of Prussia, who in January 1846, created him Knight of the Order of the Red Eagle of Prussia.



A POET'S BAZAAR.

GERMANY.



I.

THE SPANISH DANCERS.

IN the summer of 1840, some Spanish dancers, who were staying in Copenhagen, drew all the inhabitants of that city to the old theatre in Kongens Nytorv, (the King's new market, which is no market.) The whole town talked about the Spanish national dance, and the newspapers spread the report of their fame throughout the land. I was at that time on a visit to Baron Stampe at Nysö, that home which our immortal Thorvaldsen found, and which, by the works he executed there, has become a remarkable place in Denmark.

From Thorvaldsen I got the first verbal account of the Spanish dancers ; he was transported and inspired, as I had never before seen him. "That is a dance ! there are attitudes ! there are forms and beauty !" said he, and his eyes glistened while he spoke. "See ! one is in the south when one sees that dance !"

One forenoon when I entered his *atelier*, I saw a bas-relief representing a dancing Bacchus and Bacchante completed in clay. "The Spanish dancers have given me the idea," said he ; "they also can dance thus ; I thought of their charming dance when I did this."

I was very desirous of seeing these children of Spain—of seeing the charming Dolorés Serral. The Copenhagen public has now forgotten her.

I went to Copenhagen, and saw—a dance that made me forget the painted scenery and the lamp-lights. I was with them in Valencia's dales ; I saw the beautiful beings whose every motion is grace—every look passion.

After my arrival in the city, I saw Dolorés dance every evening; but I never met her off the stage,—I never saw her except when she danced in public.

It was now the end of October, as cold, rainy, and stormy as we generally have it in our dear country. The Spanish dancers were going; Dolorés said like Preciosa: "To Valencia!" but the way from Copenhagen to Valencia is over Kiel. She must go with the steamer, "Christian the Eighth" in a northern autumn, cold and stormy. Half of the good folks who had collected together to bid their friends farewell, were sea-sick on the little trip from the land to the steam-vessel.

It was a northern billow dance! Dolorés was immediately faint; her pretty limbs were extended for a rest, which was no rest. One sea after the other washed over the deck; the wind whistled in the cordage; once or twice the steamer seemed to stand still, and as if bethinking itself whether it were not best to turn

back again. The decanters and plates, although they were lashed fast, trembled as with fear or by instinct. There was such a clattering and creaking; every plank in the vessel groaned, and Dolorés sighed so loud that it pierced through the deck. Her fine pliant foot stretched itself convulsively against the thin, wooden partition—her forehead touched the other.

A ship is, however, a strange world ! To the right we are separated from a death in the waves—to the left another thin plank is as a cherub's sword. Dolorés sighed, and I sighed also. We lay here a whole night, and literally sighed for each other; and the waves danced as Dolorés could not dance, and they sung as I could not sing; and during all this the ship went on its powerful course until the bay of Kiel encompassed us, and by degrees one passenger after the other went on deck.

I told Dolorés what an impression her dancing had made on the first sculptor of our age; I told her about Bacchus and the

Bacchante, and she blushed and smiled. I really fancied that we danced a fandango together on the green plain under the fragrant acacias. She gave me her hand, but it was to take leave—she travelled direct to Valencia.

Many years hence Dolorés will be an old woman, and she will dance no more ; but then the towns and cities which she had delighted with her presence, will dance before her ; and she will then remember the metropolis on the green isle in the north amidst the stormy sea which she sailed over ; she will think of that has-relief in which she still soars so young and beautiful :—and her fingers will glide down the rosary which she sits with in the balcony—and she will look over the mountains. And they who stand around the old woman, then will ask her : “ What are you thinking of, Dolorés ? ”

And she will smile and answer : “ I was on a voyage to the north ! ”

II.

BREITENBURG.

MY carriage turned off from the highway between Kiel and Hamburg over the heath, as I wished to pay a visit to Breitenburg: a little bird came twittering towards me, as if it would wish me welcome.

The Lüneburg heath is year after year more and more covered with plantations, houses, and roads, whereas its continuation through the Duchies of Sleswick and Holstein, and into Jutland, has still for the most part the same appearance as in the last century.

There are character and poetry in the Danish

heath; here the starry heavens are large and extended, here the mist soars in the storm like the spirits of Ossian, and solitude here gives admittance to our holiest thoughts. Groups of crooked oaks grow here like the ghosts of a forest, stretching out their moss-covered branches to the blast; an Egyptian race with chesnut skin and jet black eyes here leads a herdsman's life, roasts in the open air the stolen lamb, celebrates a marriage, and dances outside the house, which is quickly raised with ling-turf, in the midst of this solitary heath.

My carriage moved but slowly on in the deep sand. I really believe one might be seasick from driving here. We go continually forward through a desert and deserted region; the few houses one comes to are extended barns, where the smoke whirls forth through the open door. The houses have no chimneys; it is as if the hearth were wanting, as if within

there was no home, as if only the stranger, in wandering over the heath, had kindled a hasty fire here in the middle of the floor, to warm himself a little, and had then proceeded on his way. The chimneys on the peasant's house, and the curling smoke make it homely; the chimney ornaments enliven almost as much as the flower-beds before the house; but here the houses were in harmony with the heath and the cold autumn day. The sun certainly shone, but it had no warm rays; it was perhaps not even the sun itself, but only its shining garb which glided over the sky. We met not a human being—not a drove of cattle was to be seen. One might almost believe that everything was asleep, or bound by enchantment.

Late in the afternoon a fertile landscape for the first time presented itself; we saw a large wood, the sunshine gave its brown leaves the appearance of a copper forest, and just then, as a large herd of cattle came out of the

thicket, and stared at us with their large eyes, a whole adventure arose before me of the enchanted city in the copper forest.

Behind the wood we passed through a large village which, if it did not lead me into the land of adventure, yet brought me back into another century. In the houses, the stable, kitchen, and living-room seemed to be in one. The road was deep mud, in which lay large blocks of stone. This was very picturesque, but it became still more so, for in the midst of that thick forest, a knightly castle with tower and gable front shone in the evening sun, and a broad and deep stream wound its way between it and us.

The bridge thundered under the horse's hoofs; we rolled on through wood and garden-grounds, into the open castle-yard, where busy lights flitted behind the windows, and everything appeared rich and yet homely. In the centre of the yard stands a large old well, with an artificially wrought iron fence, and

from thence flew a little bird—it was certainly the same that had twittered a welcome greeting to me when I began my drive over the heath. It had come hither before me—it had announced my coming ; and the castle's owner, the noble Rantzau, led his guest into a pleasant home.—The dishes smoked on the table, and the champagne exploded. Yes, it was certainly enchantment ! I thought of the stormy sea, of the solitary heath, and felt that a man may, nevertheless, be at ease in this world.

The birds twittered outside whilst I looked out of the window ; the light fell by chance on the well, and it appeared as if the bucket went up and down of itself, and in the middle of the bucket sat a little brownie or fairy, and nodded a welcome to me. I certainly did not mistake, for the brownie's grandfather once presented a golden cup to a Rantzau of Breitenburg, when the knight rode by moonlight through the forest. The goblet is still preserved in the old carved oak press in the

knight's hall over the chapel. I have seen it myself, and the old pictures on the wall, all proud knights, moved their eyes; it was in the clear sunshine: had it been on a moonlight night, they would assuredly have stepped out of their frames, and drunk a health to the worthy Count, who now rules in old Breitenburg.

“The happiness of Paradise has no history!” says a poet; “the best sleep has no dreams,” say I; and in Breitenburg night brought no dreams. By daylight, on the contrary, old sagas and recollections anticipated thought: they greeted me in the ancient alleys of the garden, they sat and nodded to me on the winding stairs of the watch-tower, where the Scotch lay on the alert, when Wallenstein's troops had encamped without. Wallenstein put the men to death by the sword, and as the women in the castle would not, at his command, wash the blood from the floor, he had them also killed.

In the beautiful scenery around were old reminiscences ; from the high tower of the Castle I looked far and wide over the richly fertile Marskland, where the fat cattle waded in the summer up to their shoulders in grass. I looked over the many forests in which Ansgarius wandered, and preached the Christian religion to the Danish heathens. The little village of Willenscharen in this neighbourhood still bears evidences of his name ; there was his mansion, and there he lived ; the church close by Heiligenstädte, where the ground was grown up around the walls, is also from his time ; and it is still, as it was then, reflected in the Stören over which he rowed in his miserable fishing-boat to the little path between the reeds.

I wandered in the castle garden under the old trees by the winding canals ; elder-trees and rose-bushes bent themselves over the watery mirror to see how prettily they flowered. The gamekeeper with his dog took his way into the copper-coloured forest. The post-horn clanged,

and it was as if wood and field were made vocal,
and joined in the death-hymn of autumn :
“ Great Pan is dead !”

When the sun was down, the sound of glass
and song was heard in the castle. I wandered
through the saloon, whose dark red walls en-
compass bas-reliefs by Thorvaldsen, and give
relief to the beautiful busts and statues. A
hedge of roses and sweet briars outside leaned
up against the windows with its leafless
branches, and it dreamt of the summer life
within the saloon—that it was itself young and
flourishing—and that every briar was a bud
that would open itself on the morrow. The
brownie sat on the edge of the well, and kept
time with his small feet; the little bird
twittered, “ it is pretty in the North !—it is well
to be in the North !” and yet the bird flew to
the warm lands ;—and the poet did the same.

III.

A REMINISCENCE FROM THE STEAM-BOAT "STÖREN."

By the waters of the Stören there lay two small houses, one on each side of the river, each of them snug and pretty, with a green gable and a few bushes ; but outside the one hung an outstretched net, and a large vane turned itself in the wind. How often had not two pretty eyes looked from one of these small houses over to this vane when it turned itself, and a faithful heart then sighed deeply.

We took a pretty young woman on board here ; she was of what we call the lower class,

but so neatly dressed ; so young, so pretty, and with a beautiful little child at the breast. The good folks nodded to her from both the houses, —they wished her joy and happiness! The weathercock turned so that it creaked, but her pretty eyes did not look up to it ; for now she did not care to know which way the wind blew ! and so away we went. All was green, but flat, and always the same on each side ; the little river runs in one continued curve.

We were now on the Elbe, that great high road from Germany ; and vessels came and went on it. Our boat darted across ; we went over to the Hanoverian side to fetch passengers, and then to the Holstein side, and then again to the Hanoverian and yet we got no passengers. I looked at the young woman ; she seemed to be equally as impatient as myself ; she was always at the forepart of the vessel, and looking intently forward, with her hand over those pretty eyes. Was it the towers of Hamburg she sought ? She kissed her child,

and smiled, yet tears were in her eyes ! Two steam vessels darted past us ; and a ship in full sail was taking emigrants to America. Before us lay a magnificent vessel ; it had come direct from thence, and was now sailing up against the wind. The flag waved ! as we approached, a boat was let loose, four sailors seized the oars ; a strong, active, black-bearded man, who appeared to be the steersman on board, took the rudder ; we lay still, and the young wife flew, rather than ran, with her sleeping child. In a moment she was in the light rocking boat, and in the arms of that black-haired, sunburnt man.

That was a kiss ! that was the bouquet of a long year's sweet longing : and the child awoke and cried, and the man kissed it, and took his wife around the waist ; and the boat swung up and down, as if it sprang with joy, and the brown sailors nodded to each other :—but we sailed away, and I looked on the flat and naked shores.

IV.

L I S Z T.

IT was in Hamburg, in the hotel Stadt London, that Liszt gave a concert. In a few moments the saloon was quite filled. I came too late, yet I got the best place, close up to the tribune where the piano-forte stood, for they conducted me up the back stairs.

Liszt is one of the kings in the realm of tones; and my friends, as I said—for I am not ashamed to acknowledge it—conducted me to him up one of the back stairs.

The saloon, and even the side rooms gleamed with lights, gold chains, and diamonds. Not far

from where I stood lay a fat, dressed-out young Jewess on a sofa; she resembled a walrus with a fan. Wealthy Hamburg merchants stood walled up against each other as if it were an important matter "on Change" that was to be discussed. A smile sat on their mouths, as if they had all bought Exchequer bills and railway shares, and gained immensely.

The Orpheus of mythology could set stones and trees in motion with his music. The modern Orpheus, Liszt, had electrified them already ere he played. Fame, with her many tongues, had opened the eyes and ears of the multitude, so that all seemed to recognize and hear what was to follow. I myself felt in the beams of those many sparkling eyes an expectant palpitation of the heart, on the approach of this great genius, who with magic fingers defines the boundaries of his art in our age!

Our age is no longer that of imagination and feeling:—it is the age of intellect. The technical dexterity in every art and in every trade is now

a general condition of their exercise ; languages have become so perfected that it almost belongs to the art of writing themes to be able to put one's thoughts in verse, which half a century ago would have passed for a true poet's work ; in every large town we find persons by the dozen who execute music with such an expertness, that twenty years ago they might have been accounted virtuosi. All that is technical, the material as well as the spiritual, is in this our age in its highest development.

Our world's geniuses,—are they not the modern scum or foam wrought on the ocean of our age's development? But real spirits must be able to suffer a critical dissection, and raise themselves far above that which can be acquired : each in his intellectual sphere must not only complete the work, but add something more. They must, like the coral insect, make an addition to art, or their activity is as nothing.

In the musical world our age has two pianists

who thus fill their allotted place—they are Thalberg and Liszt.

When Liszt entered the saloon, it was as if an electric shock passed through it. Most of the ladies rose; it was as if a ray of sunlight passed over every face, as if all eyes received a dear, beloved friend.

I stood quite near to the artist: he is a meagre young man, his long dark hair hung around his pale face; he bowed to the auditory, and sat down to the piano. The whole of Liszt's exterior and movements shew directly one of those persons we remark for their peculiarities alone; the Divine hand has placed a mark on them which makes them observable amongst thousands. As Liszt sat before the piano, the first impression of his personality was derived from the appearance of strong passions in his wan face, so that he seemed to me a demon who was nailed fast to the instrument from whence the tones streamed forth,—they came from his blood, from his thoughts; he was a demon who

would liberate his soul from thralldom ; he was on the rack, the blood flowed, and the nerves trembled ; but as he continued to play, the demon disappeared. I saw that pale face assume a nobler and brighter expression : the divine soul shone from his eyes, from every feature ; he became beauteous as spirit and enthusiasm can make their worshippers.

His “ Valse infernale ” is more than a Daguerreotype picture of Meyerbeer’s “ Robert le Diable ! ” We do not stand apart and contemplate this well known picture,—we gaze fixedly into its depths, and discover new whirling figures. It sounded not like the chords of a piano ; no, every tone seemed like trickling water-drops.

He who admires art in its technical dexterity must respect Liszt ; he who is charmed by his genius must respect him still more.

The Orpheus of our times has caused his tones to resound through the world’s great emporium, and they found and acknowledged,

as a Copenhagener has said, that, "his fingers are railroads and locomotives;" his genius still mightier in drawing together the intellectual spirits of the universe than all the railways on earth. The modern Orpheus has caused the European counting-house to resound with his tones, and at that moment at least, the people believed the Evangelist: the gold of the spirit has a mightier sound than the world's.

We often hear the expression "a flood of tones" without defining it; but it is indeed a "flood" which streams from the piano where Liszt sits. The instrument appears to be changed into a whole orchestra; this is produced by ten fingers which possess an expertness that may be called fanatical—they are led by the mighty genius. It is a sea of tones, which, in its uproar, is a mirror for every glowing mind's momentary life's problem. I have met politicians, who conceived, that from Liszt's playing, the peaceful citizen could be so affected by the tones of the Marseillaise Hymn, as to

seize the musket, fly from hearth and home, and fight for an idea. I have seen peaceful Copenhageners, with Danish autumn's mist in their blood, become political bacchanals from his playing; and mathematicians have become dizzy with figures of tones, and calculations of sounds. The young followers of Hegel—the really gifted—and not the empty-headed who only make a spiritual grimace at the galvanic stream of philosophy, beheld in this flood of tones the billowy-formed progress of science towards the coast of perfection. The poet found in it his whole heart's lyric, or the rich garb for his most daring figures. The traveller, thus I gather from myself, gets ideas from tones of what he has seen, or shall see.—I heard his music as an overture to my travels—I heard how my own heart beat and bled at the departure from home—I heard the billows' farewell,—billows which I was not to hear again ere I saw the cliffs of Terracina. It sounded like the organ's tones from Germany's

old minsters ; the avalanche rolled down from the Alpine hills, and Italy danced in her carnival dress, whilst her heart thought of Cæsar, Horace, and Raphael ! Vesuvius and Ætna threw out their lava, and the last trumpet sounded from the mountains of Greece where the old gods died ; tones I knew not, tones I have no words to express, spoke of the East, the land of imagination, the poet's other fatherland.

When Liszt had ceased playing, flowers showered around him : beautiful young girls, and old ladies who had once been young and beautiful, cast each her bouquet. He had cast a thousand bouquets of tones into their hearts and heads.

From Hamburg Liszt was to fly to London, there to throw out new bouquets of tones, which exhale poesy over that prosaic everyday life. That happy one, who can thus travel all his life, always see people in their poetical Sunday dress ! Yes, even in the inspired

bridal dress ! Shall I again meet him ? was my last thought ; and chance would have it that we should meet on our travels, meet at a place where my reader and I least could imagine ; meet, become friends, and again separate :—but it belongs to the last chapter of this flight. He went to Victoria's capital, and I to Gregory the Sixteenth's.

V.

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

A SKETCH.

WE were on the opposite side of the Elbe. The steam-boat glided down on the Hanoverian side between the low green islands, which presented us with prospects of farm-houses and groups of cattle. I saw happy children playing on the half drawn up boats, and thought how soon this play must be over, how they would perhaps fly far forth into the world, and then would come the remembrance of these small flat islands; like the Hesperian

gardens with their childhood's golden apples and oranges.

We were now at Harburg : every one looked after his own baggage, and saw it placed on the porter's barrow ; but a tall and rather stout lady with a proud carriage not in harmony with her faded chintz gown, and a cloak which had certainly been turned more than once, shook her head at every porter who stretched out his hand to take her little travelling bag, which she held in her hand. It was a man's bag in every way, and she would not give it into other hands, for it was as if it contained a valuable treasure. She followed slowly after us all into the quiet town.

A little table was laid for me and a fellow traveller, and they asked us if a third could be permitted to take a place at the table. This third person arrived—it was the lady in the faded gown ; a large boa, somewhat the worse for wear, hung loosely about her neck : she was very tired.

“ I have travelled the whole night,” said she ; “ I am an actress ! I come from Lubeck, where I performed last night ;” and she sighed deeply as she loosened her cap strings.

“ What is your line ?” I asked.

“ The affecting parts,” she replied ; and threw her long boa over one shoulder with a proud mien. “ Last night I was ‘ The Maid of Orleans.’ I left directly after the close of the piece, for they expect me in Bremen. To-morrow I shall make my appearance there in the same piece ;” she drew her breath very deep, and threw the boa again over the other shoulder.

She immediately ordered a carriage, as she intended to travel post ; but it was to be only a one horse chaise, or she would prefer one of the landlord’s own, and a boy with her, for in case of need she could drive herself. “ One must be economical, particularly in travelling,” said she. I looked at her pale face ; she was certainly thirty years of age, and had been very

pretty ; she still played “The Maid of Orleans” and only the affecting parts.

An hour afterwards I sat in the diligence ; the horn clanged through the dead streets of Harburg ; a little cart drove on before us. It turned aside, and stopped for us to pass ; I looked out, it was “The Maid of Orleans” with her little bag between her and a boy, who represented the coachman. She greeted us like a princess, and kissed her hand to us—the long boa waved over her shoulders. Our postillion played a merry tune, but I thought of “The Maid of Orleans,” the old actress on the cart, who was to make her entry into Bremen on the morrow, and I became sad from her smile, and the postillion’s merry tones. And thus we each went our way over the heath.

VI.

THE RAILROAD.

As many of my readers have not seen a railroad, I will first endeavour to give them an idea of such a thing. We will take an ordinary high road: it may run in a straight line, or it may be curved, that is indifferent; but it must be level,—level as a parlour floor, and for that purpose we blow up every rock which stands in the way, we build a bridge on strong arches over marshes and deep valleys, and when the level road stands clearly before us, we lay down iron rails, where the ruts would be, on which the carriage wheels

can take hold. The locomotive is placed in front, with its conductor or driver on it, who knows how to direct and stop its course; waggon is chained to waggon with men or cattle in them, and so we travel.

At every place on the way, they know the hour and the minute that the train will arrive; one can also hear, for miles, the sound of the signal whistle, when the train is coming; and round about where the by-roads cross the railway, the guard or watchman puts down a bar, so as to prevent those who are driving or walking, from crossing the road at a time when the train is approaching; and the good folks must wait until it has passed. Along the road, as far as it extends, small houses are built, so that those who stand as watchmen may see each other's flag, and keep the railroad clear in time, so that no stone or twig lie across the rails.

See, that is a railroad! I hope that I have been understood.

It was the first time in my life that I had seen such a one. For half a day and the succeeding night, I had travelled with the diligence on that horribly bad road from Brunswick to Magdeburg, and arrived at the latter place quite tired out, and an hour afterwards I had to set out again on the railroad.

I will not deny that I had previously a sort of feeling which I will call railway-fever, and this was at its height, when I entered the immense building from whence the train departs. Here was a crowd of travellers, a running with portmanteaus and carpet bags, and a hissing and puffing of engines out of which the steam poured forth. At first we know not rightly where we dare stand, fearing that a carriage, or a boiler, or a baggage chest might come flying over us. It is true that one stands safely enough on a projecting balcony ; the carriages we are to enter are drawn up in a row quite close to it, like gondolas by the side

of a quay, but down in the yard the one rail crosses the other like magic ties invented by human skill; to these ties our magic car should confine itself, for if it come out of them, life and limb are at stake. I gazed at these waggons, at the locomotives, at loose baggage waggons, and Heaven knows what; they ran amongst each other as in a fairy world. Everything seemed to have legs; and then the steam and the noise, united with the crowding to get a place, the smell of tallow, the regular movement of the machinery, and the whistling, snorting, and snuffing of the steam as it was blown off, increased the impression; and when one is here for the first time, one thinks of overturnings, of breaking arms and legs, of being blown into the air, or crushed to death by another train; but I think it is only the first time one thinks of all this. The train formed three divisions; the first two were comfortably closed carriages, quite like our diligences, only that they were much

broad; the third was open and incredibly cheap, so that even the poorest peasant is enabled to travel by it: it is much cheaper for him than if he were to walk all the distance, and refresh himself at the ale-house, or lodge on the journey. The signal whistle sounds, but it does not sound well, it bears no small resemblance to the pig's dying song, when the knife passes through its throat. We get into the most comfortable carriage, the guard locks the door, and takes the key; but we can let the window down, and enjoy the fresh air without being in danger of suffocation: we are just the same here as in another carriage, only more at ease: we can rest ourselves, if we have made a fatiguing journey shortly before.

The first sensation is that of a very gentle motion in the carriages, and then the chains are attached which bind them together; the steam whistle sounds again, and we move on; at first but slowly, as if a child's hand drew a little carriage. The speed increases imperceptibly,

but you read in your book, look at your map, and as yet do not rightly know at what speed you are going, for the train glides on like a sledge over the level snow-field. You look out of the window and discover that you are careering away as with horses at full gallop ; it goes still quicker ; you seem to fly, but here is no shaking, no suffocation, nothing of what you anticipated would be unpleasant.

What was that red thing which darted like lightning close past us ? It was one of the watchmen who stood there with his flag. Only look out ! and the nearest ten or twenty yards you see, is a field which looks like a rapid stream ; grass and plants run into each other. We have an idea of standing outside the globe, and seeing it turn round ; it pains the eye to keep it fixed for a long time in the same direction ; but when you see some flags at a greater distance, the other objects do not move quicker than they appear to do when we drive in an ordinary way, and further in the horizon

every thing seems to stand still; one has a perfect view and impression of the whole country.

This is just the way to travel through flat countries! It is as if town lay close to town; now comes one, then another. One can imagine the flight of birds of passage,—they must leave towns behind them thus.

Those who drive in carriages, on the by-roads, seem to stand still; the horses appear to lift their feet, but to put them down again in the same place—and so we pass them.

There is a well known anecdote of an American, who travelling for the first time on a railroad, and seeing one mile-stone so quickly succeed another, thought he was speeding through a churchyard, and that he saw the monuments. I should not cite this, but that it—with a little trans-atlantic license, to be sure—characterizes the rapidity of this manner of travelling; and I thought of it, although we do not see any mile-stones here. The red

signal flags might stand for them, and the same American might have said : “ Why is every one out to-day with a red flag ? ”

I can, however, relate a similar story. As we sped past some railings that appeared to me to be a pole, a man who sat beside me said : “ See ! now we are in the principality of Cöthen,” and then he took a pinch of snuff, and offered me his box : I bowed, took a pinch, sneezed, and then asked : “ How far are we now in Cöthen ? ” “ Oh,” replied the man, “ we left it behind us while you were sneezing ! ”

And yet the trains can go twice as quickly as they did on this occasion ; every moment one is at a fresh station, where the passengers are set down, and others taken up. The speed of the whole journey is thus diminished : we stop a minute, and the waiter gives us refreshments through the open window, light or solid, just as we please. Roasted pigeons literally fly into one’s mouth for payment, and then we

hurry off; chatter with our neighbour, read a book, or cast an eye on nature without, where a herd of cows turn themselves round with astonishment, or some horses tear themselves loose from the tether, and gallop away, because they see that twenty carriages can be drawn without their assistance, and even quicker than if they should have to draw them, and then we are again suddenly under a roof where the train stops. We have come seventy miles in three hours, and are now in Leipsic.

Four hours after, on the same day, it again proceeds the same distance in the same time, but through mountains and over rivers; and then we are in Dresden.

I have heard many say, that on a railroad all the poetry of travelling is lost, and that we lose sight of the beautiful and interesting. As to the last part of this remark, I can only say that every one is free to stay at whatever station he chooses, and look about him until the next train arrives; and as to all the poetry

of travelling being lost, I am quite of the contrary opinion. It is in the narrow, close-packed diligences that poetry vanishes : we become dull, we are plagued with heat and dust in the best season of the year, and in winter by bad, heavy roads ; we do not see nature itself in a wider extent, but in longer draughts than in a railway carriage.

Oh, what a noble and great achievement of the mind is this production ! We feel ourselves as powerful as the sorcerers of old ! We put our magic horse to the carriage, and space disappears ; we fly like the clouds in a storm—as the bird of passage flies ! Our wild horse snorts and snuffs, and the dark steam rushes out of his nostrils. Mephistopheles could not fly quicker with Faust on his cloak ! We are, with natural means, equally as potent in the present age, as those in the middle ages thought that only the devil himself could be ! With our cunning we are at his side and, before he knows it himself, we are past him.

I can remember but a few times in my life that I ever felt myself so affected as I was on this railroad journey: it was thus with all my thoughts—that I beheld God face to face. I felt a devotion such as, when a child, I have felt in the church alone; and when older, in the sun-illumined forest, or on the sea in a dead calm and star-light night. Feeling and Imagination are not the only ones that reign in the realm of poetry: they have a brother equally powerful;—he is called Intellect: he proclaims the eternal truth, and in that, greatness and poetry reside.

VII.

GELLERT'S GRAVE.

GELLERT is buried in one of the churchyards in Leipsic. The first time I was in Germany, in the year 1830, I visited this grave; Oehlenschläger's gifted daughter, Charlotte, was at that time on a visit to Brockhaus; she conducted me to the poet's grave. A thousand names were scratched on the gravestone and cut in the wooden palings around it; we also wrote our names. She broke off a rose from the grave, and gave it me as a remembrance of the place.

Ten years afterwards, I came this way alone.

I found the churchyard easily enough ; but the grave itself I could not find. I asked a poor old woman where Gellert was buried, and she showed me the place. “ Good men are always sought for,” said the old woman ; “ he was a great man !” and she looked on the simple grave with peaceful devotion. I sought amongst the many written names for the two that were inscribed when I was last here ; but the railings had been lately painted over, perhaps painted several times since then. New names were written, but the name on the gravestone—Gellert’s name—remained the same. It will be discovered there when those lately written have disappeared, and new ones are inscribed again ; the immortal name stands, the names of mankind are blotted out. The old woman broke off a rose for me, a rose as young and fresh as that which Charlotte herself, in all the freshness of youth, gave to me at the same place ; and I thought of her as I saw her then before me ; she, that fresh rose, who is now in the grave !

She whose soul and mind breathed life's gladness and the ardour of youth ! This time I wrote not my name on the railing : I placed the white rose in my breast, and my thoughts were with the dead.

VIII.

NUREMBERG.

Wenn einer Deutschland kennen
Und Deutschland lieben soll,*
Darf man ihm Nürnberg nennen,
Der edlen Künste voll ;
Die nimmer nicht veraltet,
Die treue fleiss'ge Stadt ;
Wo Dürer's Kunst gewaltet,
Und Sachs gesungen hat.

SCHENKENDORF.

THE history of Casper Hauser bears the stamp of a previous century ; nay, however true we know it to be, we cannot exactly think of it as something that occurred in our time ;

yet it performs a part in it, and amongst the large towns of Germany, as chance would have it, Nuremberg was the scene of this strange adventure.

It is said of Kotzebue, that he wrote "The Cross Knights," to make the scenery and decorations of the theatre available; even so, we may almost imagine that Casper Hauser was designed for the city of Nuremberg; for, if we except Augsburg, no city from its exterior leads us back into the middle ages so impressively as the free, old "Reichsstadt," Nuremberg. Several years ago, when I was in Paris, I saw a panorama by Daguerre,—who has since become so famous,—which, if I recollect rightly, represented the Dey of Algiers's summer palace; from the flat roof one looked over the gardens, the mountains, and the Mediterranean; but in order to prepare and bring the spectators into the proper mood, we had to pass through some rooms which were fitted up in the Oriental style, and we looked through small windows

over the top of a palm tree, or high cactuses. I was reminded of this arrangement, as we rolled into Nuremberg through ancient France.

From the moment we reach the city of Hof in Bavaria, everything begins, by degrees, to sustain that phantasy, which, in Nuremberg, expands into dreams of the middle ages, and which finds there a correct and well-arranged scene for its visionings.

After passing Münchberg, we were in the mountains; and the country around displayed a more and more romantic character. It was in the evening light. The mountain "der Ochsenkopf," the largest here, was quite hidden by the misty clouds; the road became narrower and dark; at Bernech it was quite enclosed by steep cliffs; to the left, at some yards above us, stood a ruined tower, which in ancient times certainly commanded the entrance to this place. Bernech itself, with its uneven streets, the lights that moved about within the old houses; the postillion's music, which sounded

as melancholy as the tune of an old ditty—everything breathed the spirit of romance.

I felt inclined to put words to these minor tones,—words about the Robber Knight who lay on the watch in the old tower whilst the Nuremberg merchants passed the ravine with their wares; words of the attack in the moonlight night, as the red and white Main saw it, and afterwards related it to brother Rhine under the vine-crowned shores.

We passed through Bayreüth, Jean Paul's town, and in the gay light of morning, we saw the large city of Nuremberg.

When I came quite near to it, its old grass-grown moats, its double walls, the many gates with towers in the form of upright cannons, the well-built streets, magnificent walls and gothic buildings, constrained me to acknowledge "Thou art yet Bavaria's capital! It is true, thou wert compelled to give thy crown to Munich; but thy royal dignity, thy peculiar greatness, thou bearest still! Under thy sceptre, civic industry, art, and science went hand in hand

together ; far and wide sounded the strokes of Adam Kraft's hammer, and the bells of Master Conrad and Andreas ; Albert Durer's genius sounds the praise of Nuremberg's name louder than the shoemaker Hans Sachs could do it, although he had an immortal voice. Peter Fischer caused the metal to flow in bold and beauteous figures as they presented themselves to his imagination ; Regiomontan raised thy name to the skies, whilst thy children, through him, became greater, comprehending and appreciating the useful and the noble. The marble was chiselled into graceful statues, and the wooden block transformed into a work of art.

The postillion blew his horn through the streets of Nuremberg. The houses are diversely built, and yet are stamped with the same character ; they are all old, but well preserved ; most of them are painted green, and some have images in the walls ; others are furnished with projecting bow-windows, and balconies ; others again have gothic windows with small octago-

nal panes, enclosed in thick walls; on the pointed roofs are seen rows of windows, the one standing above the other, and each surmounted by a little tower. The water of the fountains falls into large metal basins, surrounded by wrought iron balustrades of a tasteful form. But such things are not to be described, they must be drawn! Had I talent to have done it, I would have placed myself on the old stone bridge over the river whose yellow water hurries rapidly on, and there would have depicted the singular projecting houses. The old gothic building yonder on arches, under which the water streams, stands prominently over the river, adjoining a little hanging garden with high trees and a flowering hedge! Could I paint, I would go into the market, force my way through the crowd, and sketch the fountain there; it is not so elegant as in the olden times with its rich gilding, but all the splendid bronze figures stand there yet. The seven Electoral Princes, Judas Maccabeus, Julius Cæsar, Hector! and others of like illustrious

names. Sixteen of them adorn the first row of columns, and above these Moses stands forth with all the prophets ! Were I a painter, I would go to the tomb of St. Sebaldus, when the sunlight falls through the stained glass windows on the statues of the Apostles, cast in bronze by Peter Fischer, and the church and tomb should be drawn as they were reflected in my eyes—but I am not a painter, and cannot delineate them. I am a poet ; accordingly, I inquired for Hans Sach's house, and they showed me into a by-street, and pointed to a house ; it had the old form, but it was a new house. Hans Sach's portrait hung there, with his name under it ; but it was not the house where he lived and made shoes ! It is the site, but everything upon it is new. The portrait proclaims that it is a tavern bearing his name for its sign. Six thousand two hundred and sixty-three comedies, tragedies, songs, and ballads, are said to have been written here !*

* Hans Sachs was born in 1495, and died the 20th of January, 1576.

From the poet's house I went to the King's palace, and this building admirably harmonises with the old city of Nuremberg. Knightly splendour without, and comfort within ! There are high walls : the court-yard itself is narrow, but the large linden tree that grows there has a fragrance which makes the place cheerful. The small rooms where so much that is great has occurred, seem to dilate as we contemplate them ; for every spot here has a peculiar interest of its own.* The richly-painted arms

* In one of the rooms there hangs a large gilt frame, enclosing a small poem, which contains the following thought ; it has been written of late years by a book-binder named Schneer, a citizen of Nuremberg. The verse is as follows :

“ Enge wohnte man sonst, weit war es aber im Herzen,
Also ertönte uns jüngst “Ludwig's” begeisterter Spruch
Drum— ist klein auch die Burg, in der einst die Kaiser
gewohnt,
Fühlt sich gewiss hier Sein Herz heimisch im engen
Gemach.”

in the ceiling, the old pictures of saints, their heads surmounted by their stiff golden glories, with which the walls are ornamented, confer even upon the smallest chamber a sort of grandeur that the mind gives to everything by which fancy is set in motion.

The stoves are all of clay, large and painted green;—they might, with their thousands of gilded figures, christian and heathen images, supply material for strange stories. What evenings might not a child enjoy and dream away, when the fire in the stove lights up these heraldic painted walls, and the gilded figures step forth and disappear again, just as the flames fall on them, or is withdrawn from them. From that child's imaginings Brentano could compose a deathless story for us.*

* The tales or stories (Eventyr) for young persons by H. C. Andersen, are generally considered as his best prose productions, and have gained him both name and fame.

Whilst I was thinking of this, the keeper led me about, and repeated the names and the dates of the various subjects. I looked at his little boy who followed us, but who stopped every moment to play near a window. I would much rather have sat with the little fellow, and heard him relate realities or dreams—and, in fact, most of the tales that are told us by older persons and called historical are nothing else than the latter. I could have wished to have stood with him in the moonlight, and looked over the old gothic town, whose towers point towards the stars, as if they would interpret them ; to have looked over the plain whence the postillion's horn sounds, and then thought of Wallenstein's troopers who sounded here to battle : in the mist that soars over the meadows, I could fancy I saw the Swedish troopers who fought for their faith.

I should like to sit with the little one under the linden tree in the narrow palace yard, and see with him what the legend says of Eppelin

the wild Knight of Gailingen. From his castle he could witness every expedition of the Nuremberg merchants, as they went with their wares to the city, and like the falcon dart upon his prey ; but the falcon was now caught, the wild knight pined in this castle where the linden tree grows ; his last morning came, and he was permitted, according to the good old custom always allowed the condemned, that before his death, he might have a wish granted, and the knight begged that he might once more ride his faithful steed.

The horse neighed with pleasure, and proudly bore his master round the little yard ; and the knight stroked its powerful and slender neck. The muscles of the noble animal appeared to swell, its hoofs struck the pavement ; more and more vigorous and rapid, it hurried on in a circle, so that the warder and the soldiers had to keep themselves close to the wall to afford it space ; and they did so without fear, for they knew the castle gate was well secured, and that

the knight could not escape. Yet, if they could have read in the horse's eye what was there to read, says the chronicle, they would have stopped the steed in its flight, and bound the strong hands of the wild knight. And what stood in its eye? It spoke its dumb but fiery language.

“In this wretched court, thy knightly blood ought not to flow! Here thy active, merry life ought not to end! Shall I no longer bear thee in the gay battle, through the deep ravines and the green forests? Shall I no longer eat the corn from thy brave hand? Trust to my immense strength, and I will save thee!”

And the steed reared, the knight struck his spurs in its sides, drew his breath hard, bent himself over its neck;—sparks flew from its iron-shod hoofs, and half the miracle was done, for the horse stood on the battlements, and a moment after, they both flew over the broad moat, and were saved. When the wind blows through the leaves of the linden tree it tells of it.

Below the castle, in a street close by, is an old house of three stories, the one projecting a little over the other. Every stranger stops to look at it. In the front room hang shields with armorial bearings, sent from the different towns in Bavaria. What house is this? We go but a few paces round the corner, and in the little square stands the statue of its owner: the metal glitters in the sun; it is Albert Durer's monument by Rauch.*

The energetic mind that lived in Regiomontan, Albert Durer and Peter Fischer, has not departed; there are vigour and industry in this city!

* The monument was erected on the 21st of May, 1840, the younger portion of the community singing enthusiastic songs; and at the illumination which took place, the following inscription was seen on Durer's house.

“ In diesem Hause schuf einst Dürer seine Werke
Und hier that ihm die Kunst den Freudenhimmel auf,
Und höher stieg er stets mit neuer Kraft und Stärke—
Er lebte, liebte, litt, und—schloz hier seinem Lauf.”

It is true, during my short stay, I only became acquainted with one house, but all within bore the stamp of what we call the good old times. The master of this house was the picture of honesty and sagacity, a man such as the people represent their old citizens to have been.

Nuremberg resembles some few strong old men, in whom youth still remains, in whom thought is yet active, and lively, and enterprising. The railroad from Nuremberg to Fürth is a striking example of this, for that railroad was the first laid down in Germany. Old Nuremberg was the first city that entered into the gigantic idea of the new time—that of uniting towns and cities by steam and iron ties.

IX.

A WISH ACCOMPLISHED.

WHEN I was a child, I had a little show-box in which all the pictures were cut out of an old book; every picture represented a gothic building, a cloister or a church, and outside were finely sculptured fountains; but on each of them I read a name at the bottom, and this name was on them all: "Augsburgh."

How often have I not looked at these pictures, and wandered in thought amongst them; but I could never rightly get to know what was behind the street corner. And now—now I

stood in the midst of these pictures' realities ; I was in Augsburgh itself ! and the more I looked at the old houses with their walls painted in variegated colours, the jagged gables, the old churches and statues around the fountains, the more it appeared to me to be a piece of enchantment. I was now in the midst of the show-box, and had got my childhood's wish accomplished. If I desired, I could get to know what there was behind the street corner.

I knew this street corner again ; I went round it. I found—pictures, and those such as I had no idea of when a child, which not even the world knew of at that time. Here was an exhibition of Daguerreotype pictures, which a painter named Iseuring from St. Gallen had opened. There were but few landscapes and architectural pieces, but a number of portraits of different sizes, all taken by the Daguerreotype. They were excellent : one could see that they must be likenesses ; it was as if one looked

at the originals “in little” on a steel plate, on which they were engraved; and every feature was so exactly shown, that even the eye had a clearness and expression. The most felicitous delineation was in the silk dresses of the ladies,—it seemed as if one could hear them rustle. There were also some few attempts to give the portraits colour; but they all appeared like faces by a strong fire-light;—there was too much of a red illumination.

Did I not think thus when a child? could I but get round that corner, I should get to see new pictures; and I got to see new ones, the newest our time has given us.

How did I not wish when I looked through the glass in the show-box: “Oh, that I could go up that broad flight of steps, and in through that old-fashioned door!” I could now do so, and I did so, and stood in the lower hall of that splendid Town-hall, where bronze busts of Roman Emperors gaze at the colossal eagle, which, like themselves, was cast in bronze, but

more moveable. Napoleon once commanded that it should fly to Paris. The Emperor's bird ought to be in the Emperor's city ; and the bird flew, but on the frontiers, where the tower of Strasburg stands like a guide-post, the eagle rested. At dawn of morning the Gallic cock crew, as the cock crowed when Peter betrayed his master. Great events had come to light ; then the eagle flew back again to old Augs-
burgh, where it still sits and meditates. That is what I saw when I went up the broad steps, and in through the large old-fashioned door.

“ Could I but be amongst those buildings ! ” was my wish when a child ; and I came amongst them in the only likely and desirable manner, although it was some years after that my wish was accomplished ; but it was so nevertheless ! I was in Augsburgh.

X.

MUNICH.

THE ancient portion of the city of Munich appears to me like an ancient rose-tree, from which new branches shoot out every year; but every branch is a street, every leaf is a palace, a church, or a monument; and everything appears so new, so fresh, for it has but this moment unfolded itself.

Under the Alps where the hop-vines creep over the high plains, lies the Athens of Germany. It is cheap to live here; many treasures of art are to be seen here, and I have here found many amiable persons who are now dear

to me ; but yet I would not live here, for the cold is more severe than in Denmark. The cold from the Alps sweeps with an icy chill over the highlands of Bavaria, and where the Alps themselves beckon us, like the Venus mountain as it sings, "Come hither! come hither!" Behind these bold, dark blue mountains lies Italy.

Every city, from Rome the eternal, to our own silent Sorøe, has its peculiar character with which one can be intimate, even attach oneself to ; but Munich has something of all places : we know not if we are in the south or the north. I at least felt a disquiet here, a desire to leave it again.

Should any one fancy that my description of Munich contains crude and contradictory images, then I have given the most just picture according to the impression that the town has made on me. Everything here appeared to me to be a contradiction. Here were Catholicism and Protestantism,

Grecian art, and Bavarian ale. Unity I have not found here : every handsome detail appears to have been taken from its original home and placed in and about old Munich, which is a town like a hundred others in Germany. The Post Office, with its red painted walls and hovering figures, is taken from Pompeii ; the new Palace is a copy of the Duke of Tuscany's palace in Florence,—each stone is like that of the other. The Au church with its stained glass windows, its colossal lace-like tower in which every thread is a huge block of stone, reminds us of St. Stephen's church in Vienna ; whilst the court Chapel, with its mosaic pictures on a gilt ground, wafts us to Italy. I found but one part in Munich that can be called great and characteristic, and that is Ludvig Street. The buildings here in different styles of architecture blend together in a unity, as the most different flowers form a beautiful garland. The gothic-built University, the Italian palaces, even the garden close by, with

its painted piazzas, supply a perfect whole. I think that if one drove through this street, and from thence to Schwanthaler's and Kaulbach's ateliers, one would receive the best picture of what Munich is intended to be; but if one will see it as it really is, one must also go into the "Bockkeller" where the thriving citizens are sitting with their tankards, and eating radishes and bread, whilst the youths dance to the violin: one must go through the long streets which are building,—or more properly speaking, along the high road, where they are planting houses.

Most of the young artists who travel southward, make a long stay in Munich, and afterwards speak of their sojourn there with much enthusiasm.

But that they remain here so long, may be attributed to the cheapness of the living; and if they come direct from the north, Munich is the first town where there is much to be seen; most true artists are natural and amiable; a

mutual love for their art binds them together, and in excellent Bavarian ale, which is not dear, they drink to that good fellowship which in remembrance casts a lustre on that city, and forms the background of many a dear reminiscence.

King Ludwig of Bavaria's love of art has called forth all that we term beautiful in Munich; under him, talent has found encouragement to unfold its wings. King Ludwig is a poet, but he works not alone with pen and ink, for things of magnitude he executes in marble and colours. His "Valhalla" is a work of marble erected by the Danube, where it visits old Regensburg. I have seen, in Schwanthaler's atelier, the mighty figures intended to ornament the façade towards the Danube, and which, when placed in juxtaposition, represent the battle of Hermanus. Another composition of the same kind, and great in idea and expression, is the Main and Danube canal, whereby the German Ocean is united with the

Black Sea. I saw also in Schwanthaler's atelier, the vignette title to this work—if I may presume so to call the monument—which represents the river-nymph Danube, and the river-god Main.

Königsbau, which, as I before said, is in its exterior a copy of the Palazzo Pitti in Florence, has in the interior, if we except those rooms that are decorated in the Pompeian style, and the magnificent Knights' saloon, with the gilded Electors, an odour of Germanism, which improves the fancy and elevates the thought. The walls shine with pictures of what Germany's bards have sung, and the people have felt and understood; the Nibelungenlied reveals itself here in bold outline; the Diver ventures into the boiling deep; Leonora rides in the moonlight with the dead, and the Elf-King lures the child as it rides through the wood with its father.

A handsome spiral staircase leads to the flat roof of the palace, from whence we see the

whole Isar plain and the Alps, which, with me at least, always awaken disquiet and a desire to travel : I thought I could trace my feelings in every thing beneath me. The post-horn sounded, and the diligence rolled away. I saw the smoke from the arrowy locomotive, as it drew the train of carriages on the railway ; and down in the palace garden, where the river Isar branches off in different directions, the water rushed with a rapidity I have never seen equalled in any garden : “ away, away ! ” was its cry.

Even the streets and buildings in this new city will not, as yet, attach themselves to each other ; the Pinakothek, with its elevated windows in the roof has, from the spot on which I am standing, the appearance of a large hot-house or conservatory, and such it is ; there, as in the Glyptothek, we wander amongst the most beautiful productions of art, brought together from the four corners of the world. In the Pinakothek are all the varieties of glow-

ing plants, and the saloons are equally as gorgeous as the flowers ; in the Glyptothek stand the immortal figures by Scopas, Thorvaldsen and Canova, and the walls are resplendent with colours that will tell posterity of Cornelius, Zimmerman and Schlotthauer.

Near to Königsbau is the theatre ; it is even joined to it by a small building. It is built on a very extended scale ; the machinery is admirable, and the decorations are splendid. But a bad custom exists here, that of destroying all the illusion by calling the actors forward. I never saw displayed a more flagrant instance of bad taste, than one evening during the performance of the opera of " Guido and Ginevra, or the Plague in Florence." In the fourth act of the piece, the scene is divided in two parts : the lower part represents a vault, wherein Ginevra lies in her coffin, having, as is supposed, died of the plague ; the upper part of the scene represents the church where they are singing masses over her tomb for the repose

of her soul. The mourners depart, the church is dark and empty; it is late in the night: Ginevra's trance is ended, she awakes and soon comprehends her dreadful situation:—she is buried alive. The music in this scene is highly expressive and effective; with the greatest effort she drags herself up the stairs which lead to the church; but the trap door is fastened, she has not strength to raise it, and despairs. At that moment a crowd of sacrilegious robbers enter, for the plague rages in that large city, and all law, all affection and piety are annihilated;—they even plunder the dead. They force their way into Ginevra's tomb, but are seized with horror on beholding the supposed corpse standing in the midst of them; they kneel, and she once more attempts to ascend the stairs, and escape through the trap door which the robbers had opened. She succeeds, she stands in the church, and exclaims: “I am saved!” and then leaves the stage.

The lady performed very naturally, sang

prettily, and the music is, as I have said, in the highest degree expressive; but now the spectators began to shout and call her forward. Ginevra appeared again, and in order to express her thanks properly, she ran with marvellous ease through the church, down the stairs into the vault, towards the lamps, made her curtsey with the happiest face imaginable, and then hopped away back the same way she came, and where a minute before we saw her, as if half dead, dragging herself forward. For me at least, the whole effect of that beautiful scene was, from that moment, destroyed. As to the rest, the plays performed here are good and interesting.

But I will now turn to the glorification of art in the capital of Bavaria, and the names of Cornelius and Kaulbach stand pre-eminent. I will first speak of the younger of the two—Kaulbach. Every one who has lately been in Berlin, assuredly knows his famous painting, “die Hunnenschlacht.” I have heard several

artists, though it is true they were persons, who, according to my opinion, have not produced any thing great, judge him very harshly and describe him as proud and repulsive; I nevertheless determined to pay a visit to his atelier. I wished to see the man and his latest work, "the Destruction of Jerusalem," of which every one spoke differently. Without any sort of letter of introduction, I set out for his atelier, which is situated in a remote part of the town near the river Isar. Passing over a little meadow enclosed with palings, I entered the foremost atelier. The first object that revealed itself to me, was a living and very original picture, such as I had never before seen: a young girl, a model, lay in a sleeping position; a number of young artists stood around her, one occupied with drawing, another playing the guitar and singing "Ora pro nobis," whilst a third had opened a bottle of champagne just as I entered.

I asked for Kaulbach, and they showed me

into a larger room, close by, where the artist received me. Kaulbach is a young man, with an ingenuous face ; he is pale, and his features indicate suffering ; but there lies a soul in those proud eyes, a cordiality, like that with which he received me, when I told him I was a stranger who had no one to introduce me to him, and therefore was obliged to present myself, and that I could not leave Munich without having seen him and his works. He asked my name, and when I told him, I was no longer a stranger ; he shook my hand, bade me welcome, and a few minutes afterwards we were like old friends. How much envy and folly was there in the judgment I had heard pronounced against this great artist ! He led me towards the cartoon for his last great picture, which is already renowned, “ the Destruction of Jerusalem.” This was the first time during my journey, the first time during my stay in Munich that I felt glad, charmed, and filled with great and powerful

thoughts, and it was this picture that had cast such a ray of sunlight over my mind! All that I had lately seen and found beautiful in the ateliers of other young artists, now appeared to me as sketches in comparison with this work. My feeling was akin to that a young man of susceptible imagination must experience, when having read some trifling plays, poems, or every-day novels, he turns to the perusal of Dante's *Divina Comedia*, or Göthe's *Faust*. There is something so great in these, that other productions, however finished they may be of their kind, under such circumstances would appear so inferior, that they would suddenly lose all the effect they in the first instance created. And yet it was only in the cartoon, and in miniature, that I saw this work of Kaulbach, which will assuredly forthwith take its place in the works of art—a place such as the world has long ago consented to concede to Michael Angelo's "Day of Judgment."

The Destruction of Jerusalem is dealt with in this picture as an epoch in the history of the world, as a circumstance of more than a general historic character. Thus Kaulbach has comprehended it, and represented it, for he has gathered his materials from the prophets and Josephus.

At the top of the picture we see, in the clouds, the figures of Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel and Daniel, surrounded by a glory; they prophecy the fall of Jerusalem, and show the people what is written in the scriptures; under the prophets are seen soaring the seven chastising angels, as executors of God's anger. We see the Jewish people's misery, the temple is in flames; the city is taken; the Romans plant their eagles around the holy altar, whilst Titus with the lictors enter over the fallen walls. In the foreground of the picture is seen the high priest of the temple, who kills himself and his family on the fall of the sanctuary; at his feet are the Levites, sitting and

lying, with their harps—the same that sounded by the waters of Babylon when the thought of Zion still lived;—but they are now silent, for all is lost.

To the right of the picture, a christian family is leaving the city accompanied by two angels ; the waving palm-branches signify martyrdom ; to the left is seen the wandering Jew, chased out of the city by three demons ; he is the representative of the present Judaism,—a people without home.

It is long since that a picture has made me thrill, and filled me with such thoughts as this picture gave me. The artist went through every particular ; showed me the detached studies : each in itself was a beautifully executed picture. Afterwards I saw the sketch of his famed “ Hunnenschlacht ; ”—how these giant spirits soar !—how nobly Attila rises, borne on shields through the air ! I saw the drawings for Göthe’s Faust, and left the friendly artist with a high admiration of his talents, and a warm regard for his social qualities.

One of the greatest works that Munich may be proud of from the hand of Cornelius, is certainly his "Day of Judgment," which is repositied in Ludwig's church. Six years ago, I saw the cartoon to this picture in Rome, where I made the acquaintance of this great artist. It was two evenings before my departure for Naples, that I was in the hostelry by the Piazza Barbarina, and there met, amongst the Danes who were assembled, a German whom I had not seen before. He had piercing, intelligent eyes, was very eloquent, and entered into conversation with me about the newest German literature. We talked long together, and when he rose to depart, two of my countrymen asked him if they might visit his atelier next day, and see the cartoon for his latest work.

"I do not much like it to be seen by many," answered he; "but you may come, on condition that you bring this gentleman with you as a card of admission," and he pointed to me.

No one had told me who it was I had been conversing with; I only heard that he was a painter, and of painters there are plenty in Rome. I therefore thanked the gentleman for his invitation, but said, that I regretted I could not accept it, as I intended to leave Rome the following day, and being scant of time, I wished once more to visit the Borghese gallery.

“ You will come !” said he with a smile, as he laid his hand on my shoulder, and went hastily away.

He was scarcely out of the door, before some of my countrymen began to load me with abuse for what they called my unheard-of incivility, in refusing an invitation from—Cornelius ; I must have seen who he was in his eyes, and in his whole person, said they !

Now, I had not these qualities of discernment. However, I went with the others to visit him next day. He received me with a smile, and added : “ Did I not say you would come !” He then showed us the cartoon to that now

famous painting, "the Day of Judgment." Our personal acquaintance in Rome was but transient; it was in Munich first that I had occasion to value the worthy man, and to meet with friendship and cordiality from the great artist.

Of small events, of which every man has always some to record if he stay in a strange town for a few weeks, I will mention one: on walking through the streets of Munich, a book-seller's shop attracted me, where I saw amongst the books exhibited in the window a German translation of my novel "the Improvisatore," included in "Miniaturbibliothek der ausländischen Classiker." I walked in, and asked for the book; a young man delivered me a little volume which comprised the first part.

"But I wish to have the whole novel!" said I.

"That is the whole!" he replied; "there are no more parts. I have read it myself, Sir!"

“ Do you not find then,” I inquired, “ that it ends rather abruptly ; that we do not come to any conclusion ? ”

“ Oh, yes ! ” said he, “ but it is in that as in the French novels ! The author points out a conclusion, and leaves it to the reader to finish the picture for himself.”

“ It is not the case here,” I exclaimed ; “ this is only the first part of the work that you have given me ! ”

“ I tell you,” said he, half angrily, “ I have *read* it ! ”

“ But I have *written* it ! ” I replied.

The man looked at me from top to toe ; he did not contradict me, but I could see in his face that he did not believe me.

On one of the last evenings of my stay here, I knew that at home in Denmark, in that house where I am regarded as a son and brother, there was a marriage feast. It was late as I proceeded along the banks of the river Isar ; on the other side of the river was a crowd of

merry young men; they had a lighted torch before them, and the red flame trembled on the surface of the water. As they went on, they sang some lively German songs, whilst the stars glistened between the bare branches of the trees;—there was also song and torch-light in my heart. The carrier-dove will fly with my song to the North, to my home of homes, when I fly over the Alps.

XI.

TYROL.

ALL the mountains were covered with snow ; the dark pines were as if powdered over ; to the left a dark vacant stripe indicated the deep bed of the river Inn. From thence came clouds of exhalations ; they rolled forward like mists, and driven by the wind, they sometimes concealed, and sometimes disclosed the sides of the snow-covered mountains and firs.

The soldiers on the frontiers, in their large grey cloaks, clumsy woollen gloves, and muskets,

over their shoulders, met us in the fresh cold morning.

We had left Seerfeldt, and were now on the highest point of the mountain; we saw the whole valley of the Inn, far, far below us. The gardens and fields looked like the beds in a kitchen garden: the river Inn itself appeared to be a small kennel. Close to us, ruins round about, clouds and mountains, with sunshine and long intense shadows; no, such things cannot be minutely drawn, and it is just that circumstance which gives them their greatest charm.

Beyond the confines of reality this greatness can only reveal itself in remembrance, to the Tyrolese himself, when he, far away from his home in flat foreign lands, sings his simple melodious songs; yet there is one thing he misses, one thing that remembrance cannot restore,—it is that deep silence, that death-like stillness, which is increased by the monotonous creaking of the wheels in

the snow, and by the screams of the birds of prey.

Several years ago, when on my travels from Italy, I passed the same way and stayed some days at Inspruck. I made several tours in the mountains with a young Scotchman. He found much resemblance between nature here and at his home near Edinburgh. The children playing before the cottages, the springs that flow forth everywhere, the sound of the bells around the necks of the cattle, all reminded him of home ; he became quite melancholy. And when I, in order to make the illusion stronger, began to sing a well known Scotch melody, he burst into tears and became ill : we were obliged to sit down, and strange enough, on looking round I saw on a solitary spot between the bare cliffs a wooden monument on which some Hebrew letters were painted. I asked a herdsman who passed us what was the meaning of it ; and he told us that a Jew was buried there, that they had no churchyard for

that sort of people, and therefore they had laid him there in the mountains; but one of his creed, who travelled with him, had placed this monument there. This account set my fancy in as great emotion as the Scotchman's feelings had been on beholding the scenery, and yet I quite forgot this incident which, like a fragrant flower, full of poesy, shot forth in a moment ! I had remembered a hundred other insignificant things, but not this ; and now on seeing Inspruck suddenly before me, on passing over that little mountain road I went up, and where the many springs still splashed, as on that evening, my thoughts were again called to life ; it was as if the waters asked "do you remember it?" It appeared to me as if but a few hours had passed since I was here, and I became thoughtful, and with good reason. How many reminiscences do there not slumber in our minds, how much that we would gladly have forgotten ; if now, at once, all these remembrances awake !—I thought of the words

of scripture, "We shall give account for every idle word we have spoken!" We shall remember them! I believe that the mind forgets nothing, everything can be again awakened, as fresh and living as in the moment it happened. Our thoughts, words, and actions, are bulbs and roots we plant in the earth, and much of them we remember full well; but when we come to the end, we turn round, and then see the whole in its bloom, and it is paradise or hell that we recognize and own.

Shall I draw Inspruck? Then I must first show you a roaring stream, with many timber rafts steered by two or three men; I must describe strong wooden bridges, and crooked streets with shops in the heavy-built arcades; but one of the streets must be broad and showy, the sun must shine on the altars there, and on the gilded moon which bears the Madonna. Life and bustle must be shown, Tyrolese women with clumsy caps, slender Austrian officers, and travellers, with book in hand, must cross

each other, and then we have the picture of the town ; but the frame is of a greater style, and gives relief to the picture ; the frame is composed of the high mountains : they seem to be threatening thunder-clouds that will pass over us.

I soon found the same walk I had visited with the Scotchman ; the river Inn rushed on unchanged, the timber rafts glided under the strong bridges down the stream just as before. I went up the road where all the springs gush forth, where all the houses boast of a large image of the Madonna, the one copied exactly from the other, the clothes of the same colour, the same position for the mother as for the child ; over the wall and quite over the windows, where they only left a little space open, hung, like a large carpet, the yellow maize to ripen in the sun ; merry children played in the streets, everything was as before. I followed the path, and stood amongst the silent rocks, where I had seen the monument with the Hebraic epitaph, and I saw a part of

it still, but only a part; a piece of the plank lay in the grass with half worn-out Hebrew letters; high grass shot up over the pile which had borne it. I sang my Scotch song again, and looked at the scenery around; that and the song were unchanged. I thought of my Scotch friend who is now perhaps the father of a family, and who was possibly at that moment seated in his soft arm-chair, asleep after a good meal, perhaps dreaming of one or another thing he had seen; perhaps dreaming of this place, and in his dream seeing the town, the river, and the mountains just as clearly as I saw it, for the mind can retrace even the smallest details; dreaming that I sang the Scotch song for him on this place. He awakes, looks up, and says: "I had quite forgotten that; how one can dream!" and so the dream was perfect reality, for I stood again by the grave, and sang the Scotch melody.

The bright brass balls on the high church towers in the town shone in the evening sun-

light. I returned thither: the palace church stood open as is the custom in catholic countries; the light fell with a red tint through the large window panes. From the entrance and up to the choir, stand colossal figures in bronze, of the German Emperors and Empresses, all undoubtedly cast at the same time and by the same master; but although they scarcely belong to works of art, yet they give the church a peculiar stamp; it seems like an open book of legends, which speaks of the days of chivalry; even that white monument in the aisle to the left, harmonizes well, if not as a part of the picture, yet like a fresh flower laid in the book, as a scented mark. It is an Alpine plant which tells of the strong mountains, of love for home here, of fidelity towards its land's Emperor,—it is the monument of Andreas Hofer. With the flag in his hand, and his eyes towards heaven the brave Tyrolese seems to advance to combat for his mountains, his hearth, and the Emperor Francis. From

Insruck the way passes over Brenner to Italy.

It was towards evening on the 4th of December 1840, that I drove up the mountain in the diligence, well wrapped up in cloaks, with Iceland stockings up over the knees, for they had warned me that it was cold up there, and perhaps the snow lay so high that we should have to cut our way through. I knew it was the worst season of the year, but over it we must go. The road winds constantly in a zig-zag upwards, and we went very slowly. The view behind is immense, and becomes more impressive every step we go forward. The air was quite of a rose red ; the mountains with the snow looked like a shining silver cloud, and as the red light disappeared in the air, and it became more and more of a pure blue, night lay in the valley ; the lights twinkled in the town, which appeared to us like a starry firmament beneath us. The evening was so still,

we heard the snow creak under the wheels. The moon, which was only in the first quarter, shone clear enough to illumine all the surrounding objects in the white snow without depriving us of the sight of the many stars ; sometimes we saw one of them, so large and glittering, close by the mountain summit, that it appeared as if it were a fire.

The wheel-ruts passed close to the giddy precipice where there are no railings —where there is nothing, except here and there a mighty pine which holds itself fast by the roots to the declivity: it appeared a fathomless abyss in the moonlight. What stillness! only the sound of a rivulet was to be heard! We met not a single wanderer; not a bird flew past us, and it soon became so cold that the windows of the diligence were covered with icy flowers, and we saw but the rays of the moon refracted from the edge of the flowers. We stopped at Steinach, where we flocked round a stove with a brass ball on the top, and

refreshed ourselves with a frugal Friday's meal, whilst the coachman filled the diligence with hay to keep our feet warm. There was not much snow lying there, but it was bitter cold ! Just at twelve o'clock we passed Brenner, the highest point ; and though the cold was the same, yet we felt it less, for we sat with our feet in the warm hay, and with our thoughts in Italy, towards which we were now advancing. The frozen window-panes began to melt, the sun burst forth, the green firs became more and more numerous, the snow was less. "We approach Italy!"—said we ; and yet the postillion was so frozen that his cheeks and nose were of the same colour as the morning clouds.

The road runs continually along the side of the roaring river ; the cliffs around are not high, and have a strange mouldering appearance : they look like slates with half obliterated Runic inscriptions and hieroglyphics ; they often form large walls which seem to support the remains of old monuments, decayed and beaten by

rain and storm. During several hours' driving, they had always the same formation; it really appeared as if one were in a large cemetery for the whole race of Adam: the still-born child, the most wretched beggar, each had his monument; all generations, all ages had theirs; the gravestones there, stood strangely cast amongst each other; the green bush shooting forth from the rocky wall formed a striking resemblance to the feathery tuft in a knight's helmet, as the weather-beaten cliff resembled him; here stood a knight in armour amongst deformed dwarfs, who all wore ruffs: they could not be better represented than here. In centuries to come, these images will also decay, but new ones be formed again; another church-yard's monuments for another thousand years' dead, and the river will rush on below, and hum the same death-hymn.

Towards noon we were in Botzen; some of the trees had leaves; the red vine-leaf hung yet on the stem; beautiful white oxen

drew the peasant's waggons, the churchyard had painted arcades ; in the inn there was as much Italian spoken as German, and on the table lay a play-bill on which we read in large letters : “ *Lucia di Lammermoor, tragedia lirica* : ”—we were near Italy, although yet on German ground.

ITALY.

I.

ENTRANCE INTO ITALY.

TRAVELLING SKETCHES.

1.

PASSING over the Alps we come into a land where the winter is like a fine autumn day in the North ; once at least it was so to me. Six years had elapsed since I had left Italy ; I was now here again, and in the first hostelry on Italian ground I had determined to empty the cup of welcome ; but the diligence drove past the first, the second, and the third, for the conductor slept, and we certainly acted wisely in following his

example. I peeped at the blue sky, and let down the carriage window to drink health in the fresh air! But our Signors screamed aloud at this intrusion of the cold air, and so I only got a sniff of it!

It was not yet daylight when we reached Verona. "The Hotel della Posta" is a cold, uncomfortable place. I was shown into a paved room, where there were three immeasurably large bedsteads; a few dried sticks furnished a flame in the chimney; but the fire was a sort of fascination, it did not afford the least warmth; so I went to bed and slept—slept until the sun shone through the windows. I arose and drank of its beams, and in reality this was the most precious draught that Italy could give! But I wished to have more sun; I went out, therefore, and as I got more, I wished to have it still warmer. It is the same with sun-drinkers, as with other drinkers, they will always have more, and always stronger.

The sun shone on the magnificent marble

tombs of the Scaligii, on the sarcophagus of Romeo and Juliet, on the great Amphitheatre. I saw them all together ; but the sun of Italy did not yet shine in my heart with that lustre, which all the pictures of memory do.

We ascended the citadel to enjoy the splendid view over the old city and the murmuring river, and it was here that Italy first revealed itself ! Yes, you will laugh at this revelation, but it is truth : the whole space of ground, where this revelation took place, was only some few yards ; it was in a long green salad bed, only green salad, but it was in the open air in a strong sunlight, and the warm beams of the sun were reflected from an old wall, quite overgrown with ivy ! It was green here, it was warm here, and yet it was the 7th of December !

That poor green salad, in the open air, in sunshine and shade, was like the drapery of that throne from which the majesty of Italy greeted me and cried : “ Welcome ! ”

2.

They spoke of nought but war, the expected war, which France was soon to carry on against Germany. On the road there was bustle and movement, but this also was a sign of war ; one baggage waggon followed the other with ammunition, accompanied by Austrian cavalry, all like ourselves, going towards Mantua, that famous large fortress.

“ I shall return in eight months,” said a German who sat in the same carriage with me ; “ just the same way back ! It appears very consoling. How is one to slip through the enemy’s ranks ? ”

“ I live here on the plain, in the little town of Villa Franca ! ” sighed a lady ; “ there we are but a few hours’ ride from Mantua. We may expect dreadful times.”

I became serious ; yet in the great events of life, where I cannot do anything myself, I have the same firm belief as the Turks in a directing

Providence ; I know that what will happen, happens ! Here my thoughts turned to my friends at home, the best hopes arose in my mind.

It was evening, the air was clear and blue, the moon shone ; it was so still, just as on a fine autumn evening in Denmark. Mantua lay before us ! They said it was Mantua, and I was quite in Denmark, not only in thoughts but in the surrounding scenery. I saw a large, clear lake, which, in the moonlight seemed enclosed by woods that assumed a peculiar blueness ; the large plain of Lombardy, the lake and the woods, which in fact existed not, but appeared to exist, suddenly recalled me to my home ; tears came to my eyes,—call it not home-sickness, for I *was* at home.

They say that sorrow gets up behind a man and rides with him ; I believe it ; but memory does the same, and sits faster ! Memory rode its hobby on my knee, and laid its head against my heart.

“Do you remember,” it sang, “the large, calm lakes inclosed by fragrant beech-woods? Do you remember the little path between the wild roses, and the high brackens, the rays of the evening sun played between the branches of the trees, and made the leaves transparent. Near the lake lies an old castle with a pointed roof, and the stork has its nest up there ;—it is beautiful in Denmark !”

“Do you remember the brown sweet smelling clover-field, with its old tumulus grown over with bramble-bushes, and black-thorn, the stones in the burial-chamber shine like copper when the sun throws his red gleams within? Do you remember the green meadow where the hay stands in stacks, and spreads a sweet perfume in the calm air? The full moon shines, the husbandmen and girls go singing home, with glittering scythes. Do you remember the sea, the swelling sea, the calm sea? Yes, it is beautiful in Denmark !”

And we rolled into Mantua, rolled in over

an immense draw-bridge ! The wheels of the water-mills roared and foamed outside—and so we were in the streets of Mantua.

3.

It was the feast of the Madonna ; the magnificent church shone with light, the figures in the cupola appeared living—they soared ! It was as if one had cast a look into heaven itself ; the smell of incense filled the aisles of the church, song and music sounded so exquisitely beautiful they breathed forth a gladness, which we inhabitants of the North cannot imagine in a church ; and yet, when we hear it there in the South, and see the devout crowd kneeling, we feel ourselves elevated by joy !

From the church, the crowd streamed forth into the large open square, and just before it stood a little puppet show. The puppets knocked their heads against each other, and

fought with their large arms. The dialogue was applauded ! It was now all life and mirth.

People wandered up and down under the high piazzas ; song and music sounded from the open cafés ; I took a seat in one, where a musical pair displayed their talents.

The husband was ugly and deformed, quite a dwarf ; the wife, on the contrary, young and pretty ; she played the harp and he the violin. His voice was sonorous. It was the most brilliant bass, so melodious and flexible ; he sang with taste and feeling. Every one around became attentive. No one read his paper longer, no one gossiped with his neighbour ; it was a song worth hearing, and the Italians have an ear for song.

I observed that the young wife once looked at him with an expression of mildness, and with so friendly a smile, that their every-day life appeared as an adventure,—his ugliness a spell, which she well knew : his nobler “self” revealed itself in song, and whilst he sang, the

ugly mask would once and for ever fall, and she would see him young and handsome as she was herself.

All the guests gave him a small tribute ; mine rattled in his hat as they called me to the post-house.

The building here was formerly a cloister ; one must go through arcades, over the courtyard of an old cloister, into the church, a large one, built in the Italian style, and which now serves as a coach-house.

The air without, lighted by the moon, threw so much light upon the cupola, that all the outlines appeared distinct. The lower part of the church itself was almost in the dark. A large stable lantern hung where the brass lustre had before hung ; the diligence and one of the nearest carriages was lighted by it ; round about stood trunks, travellers' baggage, and packages. The whole made a disagreeable impression on me, for there was too much here that reminded me of the house of God.

I know not with what feelings the catholic regards such a change as that of a church into a stable. I have always imagined that the catholic was more zealous for his creed than the less ceremonious protestant!—I felt glad to leave the place.

The church-door opened, and where the choristers had swung their censers with incense before the kneeling crowd, our horses hoofs pattered, the postillion blew his horn, and we drove away! Four mounted gendarmes accompanied us, for the way was not safe.

Everything was soon still and lonely, we saw no more lights shining from any house by the way.

We approached the river Po, and all around showed traces of the last inundation. Field and road were covered with a thick mud; we could only drive slowly. By the bank of the river lay a solitary ferry-boat, so large that the carriage and horses could drive on to it; a small wooden shed was also erected on the

vessel ; within it burned a large fire round which we all flocked, as the night was cold, whilst the stream itself carried the ferry-boat over. Everything was so still that we heard only the whistling sound of the ropes round the pulley by which our vessel was held, as the stream drove it on. The ferry was crossed ; fresh gendarmes, on horseback, and wrapped up in large cloaks, awaited us.

4.

MOONLIGHT AND SUNLIGHT.

It was after midnight : I sat in the rolling carriage, the soldiers kept close to it ; it was the most beautiful moonlight ! A large city with old walls lay straight before us ; it was again pitchy night, we rode in through the gate, and the moon again shone. We were in Modena ! That sight is before me now, full of moon-

shine, like a strange dream.—Old buildings with arcades: a magnificent palace with an extensive open place revealed itself; but all was void and still, not a light shone on us from a single window, not one living being moved in the large old city; it was quite like witchcraft. We stopped in a little square, in the centre of which stood a brick column, the upper part of which formed a sort of lantern with a glass window; a lamp burned within.—This sort of altar is called “the eternal light”—the lamp is kept burning night and day.

The flame appeared in the clear moonlight like a red spot, a painted flame; a woman wrapped in a ragged mantle sat there and slept. She leaned her head against the cold wall of the pillar; a sleeping child lay on her knee with its head on her lap. I stood long, and regarded this group; the little one's hand was half open on its mother's knee! I laid a small coin quite gently in the child's hand; it opened its eyes,

looked at me, and closed them again directly. What was it dreaming of? I knew that when it awoke, the moonlight would cause the money to appear like silver in its hand.

I saw Bologna by sunlight; it lies between luxuriant vine fields, close under the Appennines, which form a green hedge, wherein every tendril is a vineyard, every flower a villa or a church.

The sun plays a great part in this country; the inhabitants of the city do not like it, therefore everything is calculated to afford shade, every house forms a cool piazza; but the sun rules in the vine fields and ripens the juicy grape; it even forms an alliance with the stones. It is here in the neighbourhood, in mount Paderno, that the so-called Bononian stone (*Spongia di Luce*) is found, which has the particular quality of absorbing the sun's rays, and of giving a light in the dark.

I thought of this when I saw the great city in the sunlight, and my eye fell on the

leaning tower! *This is also a mass of stone which gives light*, thought I, but it has got its light from Dante's *Divina Comedia*.

I thought of this when I visited the rich cemetery and looked at the many marble monuments; they are also Bononian stones which receive their light from the dead they are placed over; but I found none which as yet had absorbed any light, though on one was inscribed, that here lay a celebrated dramatist, and on another, that here reposed a lady who could speak Greek and Latin.

I thought of the Bononian stone as I stood before one of the private buildings in the city, and they told me the name of its owner. This house will also some day send forth a Nimbus, but it has not yet; for the sun is up, the stone drinks in the rays in our time;—the owner must die, then comes the lustre—the owner is the composer Giacomo Rossini.

II.

A NIGHT ON THE APPENINES.

THE Appennines with their trees and vineyards rise towering above the green flat plains of Lombardy ; as we arrive outside the gates of Bologna, it appears as if the road passed over the ruined terraces of an immense garden, like those which, history tells us, a Semiramis constructed.

It was in the middle of December ; everything bore the character of a late autumn. The vine leaves were red, the foliage of other trees yellow, the laurel hedges alone were green, as at all times, and the pines and

cypresses carried their heads aloft in all their splendour. We drove slowly upwards, ever upwards; garlands of vine leaves hung down over the shattered walls; we met droves of fine oxen which had been employed as fore-teams, their white shining sides had a reddish tinge from the setting sun.

As we came higher up, the country became more and more solitary; I went on before alone. The sun was down, and for some minutes there lay a blueish tone over the mountains, an airy tone which seemed as if it streamed out from the mountain itself; not a breeze was felt; it was mild and still, and there was a greatness in the cliffs and the deep valley, that disposed the mind to devotion. The solitude of the valley imparted to this—I will not say a stamp of melancholy, no, I think it must be called quietude; it was as if sleep had its kingdom there beneath; there was a rest, a peace, which was increased by the gentle murmur of the river far below.

The road wound round the mountain, and I soon lost all sight of our vehicle ; I saw not a being, I saw nothing but the deep valley ; I was alone, quite alone.

It was night, the stars peeped forth, they glitter more brightly with us on a clear, frosty winter night ; but here in the mountains the air is much higher, its distant vault was transparent, as if a new and immense space began behind this.

A ray of light shone forth between the rocks, it came from an inn above us. A lamp burned before an image of the Madonna in the open arcade ; the Camerier, in white apron and velvet jacket, received us. We took our place in a large hall, the greyish-white walls of which were covered with names and inscriptions in all the European languages ; but it was cold and solitary here. Large bundles of twigs were thrown on the fire ; they blazed up in a great flame, and invited us to form a circle around the chimney.

Every one in our little company had something to relate, particularly about the last great inundation.

After having enjoyed the smoking supper, each one sought his chamber; mine lay somewhat remote; it was large and lonely. The bed was just as broad as it was long; the vessel with holy water hung by the bed-head; inscriptions were also to be found here on the wall; one was in Danish,

“Fryd dig ved Livet i dine Dages Vaar.”

(Enjoy life's happiness in thy day's youthful prime,)

written by a compatriot. I hope that he enjoyed life. A poor table and two rush-chairs completed the rest of the furniture.

I opened a window; large iron bars were fixed across on the outside, the window looked out over a deep valley; it was dark beneath. I heard the roar of a current; above me was the firmament sparkling with stars; I leaned my forehead against the iron bars, and felt

myself no more alone than I am in my little room in Denmark. He who has *a home at home*, can feel home-sickness ; but he who has none feels himself equally at home everywhere. In the course of a few minutes my room here was an old home to me, though I knew not its environs as yet.

Besides the general entrance, I saw a little door with a bolt before it. Where may this lead to, thought I ? I took the lamp in which three wicks were burning. I lighted all five, drew the bolt aside, and set out on a voyage of discovery.

Outside I found a sort of lumber-room ; here stood chests, sacks, large jars, and on the walls hung old clothes and muskets. But from this room there was another outlet ; I opened the door, and now stood in a narrow passage ; I followed it, and stopped at a door :—should I go further ? I listened. Then at once I heard the tones of two flutes, a deep, and a sharp piercing one,—after an interval they were repeated.

The longer I listened, the more sure I was that it could not be from a flute these tones came. I lifted the wooden latch, and the door flew quickly open, much quicker than I expected. The room was dimly lighted by a lamp ; an old peasant, with long white hair, sat half undressed in an arm-chair, and played on a flute. I made an excuse for coming, but he did not notice me. I pulled the door to again, and was going ; but it was opened again, and a young lad, whom I had not observed, asked me in a whisper whom I was seeking.

The old man I had seen was the uncle of my host ; he was insane, and had been so from his sixteenth year. " I will tell you a little about him," said the lad. " His malady was as if blown on him—no one knew the cause ;—he had, when a boy, played the flute very prettily ; but from a certain night he had never since attempted more than these two tones, a deep, sorrowful one, and a high piercing one. These he constantly repeated,

and often for several hours during the night." They had attempted to take the flute from him, and then he became like a wild animal; with the flute, however, he sat still and mild. The young man I spoke with, slept in the chamber with the old man, and was accustomed to the sound of the flute, as one may be to the strokes of the pendulum, or the copper-smith's hammer, when he has been one's neighbour for a series of years.

I returned to my room, and closed the door; but yet I thought I heard the two tones of the flute; they sounded as when the wind moves the vane on a distant spire. I could not fall asleep, my fancy was occupied with the old man. I heard the tones of the flute,—they sounded as from a world of spirits. When the old man is dead, the inmates of the house will, in the stillness of night, think that they hear, like ghost-tones, what I now heard in reality! It was early morning before I fell asleep, and I believe they called me the same hour; we

were to depart at daybreak. It was night when we got into the carriage; the mountains before us were covered with snow; in the dawn they seemed as if they were glowing. At Pietra Mala we see but wild, naked cliffs of a volcanic nature, and the volcanos are not burnt out; to the right, a thick smoke curled up from the rocky clefts. This morning I discerned two seas like a glittering stripe in the horizon; to the left, the Adriatic, to the right, the Mediterranean. A strong wall is erected here on the highest point close to the way-side, to afford travellers a shelter against the storms which come from the East; before this wall was built, there were often days and nights that no one could venture here, for the angel of the storm passed over the mountains.

“The old man at the inn,” said the vetturino, “one night, in the worst storm, crept on his stomach over this rock, though he was not deranged then; he must, and would descend on the other side of the mountain!”

I thought of the old man and of the tones of his flute. The way downwards was beautifully picturesque, in bold serpentine lines, sometimes over walled arches, always sheltered by the mountains, where the sun shone warm, where the snow was melted, and the trees stood in full leaf. "Beautiful Italy!" we all exclaimed. The vetturino cracked his whip, and the echo repeated it, as he could not have done it.

III.

THE BRONZE HOG.

A STORY.

IN the city of Florence, not far from Piazza del Granduca, runs a little cross street, I think it is called Porta Rossa ; in this street, before a sort of bazaar where they sell vegetables, stands a well-wrought bronze figure of a hog. The clear, fresh water bubbles out of the mouth of the animal, which has become dark green from age ; the snout alone shines as if it were polished bright ; and it is so, by the many

hundred children and lazzaroni who take hold of it with their hands, and put their mouths to the animal's to drink. It is a complete picture, to see that well-formed animal embraced by a pretty, half-naked boy, who puts his sweet little mouth to its snout.

Every one that visits Florence will easily find the place ; you need only ask the first beggar you see, about the Bronze Hog, and he will tell you.

It was a late winter evening, the mountains were covered with snow ; but it was moonlight, and moonlight in Italy gives a light which is just as good as the best light of a dark winter day in the North ; nay, it is better, for the sun shines, the air elevates, whilst in the north that cold, grey leaden roof presses us down to the earth, the cold wet earth, which will hereafter press our coffin.

Yonder, in the Duke's palace garden, where a thousand roses bloom in the winter time, a little ragged boy had sat the whole day long,

under the pine tree's roof. He was a boy that might be the image of Italy :—so pretty, so laughing, and yet so suffering ! He was hungry and thirsty : no one had given him a farthing ; and when it became dark, and the garden was to be closed, the porter chased him away. He stood long on the bridge over the Arno, dreaming and looking at the stars as they glistened in the water, between him and the noble marble bridge, Della Trinità.

He bent his steps towards the Bronze Hog, knelt half down, threw his arms around its neck, placed his little mouth to its shining snout, and drank a deep draught of the fresh water. Close by lay salad leaves, and a few chesnuts : these were his supper. There was not a human being in the street, he was quite alone. He sat down on the swine's back, leaned forward, so that his little curled head rested on that of the animal, and, before he himself knew it, was asleep.

It was midnight, the bronze figure moved ;

he heard it say quite distinctly, "Hold fast, little boy, for now I run!" and away it ran with him. It was a laughable ride.

The first place they came to was Piazza del Granduca, and the bronze horse which bore the statue of the Duke, neighed aloud; the variegated arms on the old Council-Hall shone like transparent paintings; and Michael Angelo's David swung his sling. It was a strange life that moved! The bronze groups with Perseus, and the Rape of the Sabines, were but too living: a death-shriek from them passed over that magnificent but solitary place.

The Bronze Hog stopped by the Palazzo degli Uffizi, in the arcade, where the nobility assemble during the pleasures of the Carnival.

"Hold fast!" said the animal, "hold fast! for we are now going up the stairs." The little boy said not a word: he half trembled, he was half happy.

They entered a long gallery; he knew it well, for he had been there before. The walls were covered with paintings; here stood statues and busts; everything was in the brightest light, just as if it were day; but it was most splendid when the door to one of the side rooms opened. The little fellow remembered the splendour here, yet this night everything was in its most beautiful lustre.

Here stood a beautiful naked female, as beautiful as nature and marble's greatest master alone could make her. She moved her fine limbs, dolphins played around her feet, immortality shone from her eyes. By the world she is called the Venus de' Medici. On each side of her were numerous marble groups, in which the spirit of life had pierced the stone. These were naked, well-formed men: the one sharpening the sword, is called the Grinder; the wrestling Gladiators form the second group:—the sword is whetted, the

combatants wrestle for the Goddess of Beauty.

The boy was almost blinded with all this lustre: the walls beamed with colours, and all was life and motion there. The double image of Venus was here seen—that earthly Venus, so swelling and impassioned, whom Titian had pressed to his heart. It was strange to see! They were two beautiful women; their handsome, unveiled limbs were stretched on soft cushions, their bosoms rose, and their heads moved, so that the rich locks fell down on their round shoulders, whilst their dark eyes spoke the glowing thoughts within; but not one of all the pictures ventured to step entirely out of the frame. The Goddess of Beauty herself, the Gladiators and the Grinder, remained in their places—for the glory which beamed from the Madonna, Jesus, and John, had bound them. The holy images were no longer images,—they were the sainted beings themselves.

From saloon to saloon what splendour!—

what beauty! and the little boy saw it all. The Bronze Hog went step by step through all this magnificence and glory. But one sight superseded the rest—one image alone fixed itself in his thoughts:—it was caused by the glad, happy children who were there on the walls: the little boy had once nodded to them by daylight.

Many, certainly, have wandered carelessly past this picture, and yet it encloses a treasure of poesy:—it is Christ who descends into the nether world; but it is not the tortured we see around him, no, they tell of hope and immortality. Angiolo Bronzino, the Florentine, painted this picture. The expression of the children's certainty that they are going to Heaven, is excellent; two little ones embrace each other; one child stretches its hand out to another below, and points to himself as if he said, "I am going to Heaven!" All the elders stand uncertain, hoping, or bending in humble prayer to the Lord Jesus.

The boy looked longer at this picture than

at any other; the Bronze Hog stood still before it; a gentle sigh was heard; did it come from the painting, or from the animal's breast? The boy extended his hands towards the smiling children; then the animal started off with him, away—through the open front hall.

“Thanks, and blessings on thee, thou sweet animal!” said the little boy, and patted the Bronze Hog, who, with an amiable grunt, sprang down the stairs with him.

“Thanks, and blessings on thyself!” said the animal. “I have helped thee, and thou hast helped me, for it is only with an innocent child on my back that I have strength to run. Nay, I dare now enter under the light of the lamp, before the image of the Madonna. I can bear thee away everywhere, only not into the church; but when thou art with me I can look in through the open door from the outside. Do not get off my back; if thou dost, I shall fall down dead, as thou seest me in the day at the Porta Rossa.”

“ I will stay with thee, my blessed animal !” said the little boy ; and away they went with a whizzing flight through the streets of Florence, and out to the open square before the church of Santa Croce.

The large folding door flew open, lights shone from the altar, through the church, into the solitary square.

A strange ray of light streamed forth from a monument in the left aisle ; a thousand moving stars formed, as it were, a glory around it. A device displayed itself on the tomb ; a red ladder on a blue ground—it appeared to glow like fire. It was the grave of Galileo : it is a simple monument, but the red ladder on the blue ground is a significant device ; it is as if it belonged to art alone, for here the way goes always upwards, on a glowing ladder,—but to heaven. All the prophets of genius go to heaven, like the prophet Elias.

In the right aisle of the church every statue on the rich sarcophagus seemed to be endowed

with life. Here stood Michael Angelo, and there Dante, with the laurel-wreath around his brow ; those great men, Italy's pride, with Alfieri and Machiavelli, rest here side by side.* It is a handsome church, far more so than the marble cathedral of Florence, although it is not so large.

It was as if the marble habiliments moved ; as if those great forms raised their heads with more dignity than ever, and looked, in the deep night, during song and music, towards that variegated, beaming altar, where white-robed boys swung golden censers :—the power-

* Opposite Galileo's tomb is that of Michael Angelo, on which is placed his bust, beside three figures,—Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture ; close by is Dante's cenotaph (the body itself is in Ravenna) ; on the monument is seen Italy, she points to the colossal statue of Dante ; poetry weeps for her lost son. A few paces from this is the monument of Alfieri, it is adorned with laurels, lyres, and masks ; Italy weeps over his coffin. Machiavelli closes the row of these celebrated men.

ful odour streamed forth from the church into the open square.

The boy stretched forth his hand towards the beaming light, and, at the same moment, the metal hog darted away with him. He was obliged to cling fast to it; the wind whistled about his ears; he heard the church doors creak on their hinges as they closed; but at the same time he appeared to lose all consciousness; he felt an icy coldness, and opened his eyes.

It was morning; he sat, but half glided down from the Bronze Hog, which stood, where it always used to stand, in the street "Porta Rossa."

Fear and anxiety filled the boy's mind when he thought of her whom he called mother; her who had the day before sent him out and said, that he must get money;—he had none, he was hungry and thirsty. Once more he took the metal hog round the neck, kissed its snout, nodded to it, and then wan-

dered away to one of the narrowest streets, only broad enough for a well-packed ass. A large iron-bound door stood ajar; he went up a bricked staircase with dirty walls, and a slippery rope to serve as a hand-rail; then came to an open gallery hung round with rags; a flight of stairs led from thence to the yard, where thick iron wires were drawn from the wall to all the floors in the house, and the one pail swung by the side of the other, whilst the pulleys whistled, and the pails danced in the air, so that the water splashed down into the yard. There was another dilapidated brick staircase which he went up; two Russian sailors sprang merrily down, and had nearly upset the little boy. They came from their nightly carousal. An exuberant female form, not very young, but with strong black hair, followed them.

“What have you brought home?” she demanded of the boy.

“Do not be angry,” he exclaimed, “I have got nothing! nothing at all!” and he took

hold of his mother's gown as if he would kiss it. They entered the chamber; but we will not describe it. Only so much may be told, that there stood a pot with a span handle, *marito*, it is called, and in this was charcoal. She took it on her arm, warmed her fingers, and struck the boy with her elbow.

“To be sure, you have money?” said she.

The child cried, she kicked him; he cried aloud. “Will you be still, or I’ll knock your screaming head in two!” and she swung the fire-pot, which she held in her hand; the boy fell to the ground with a scream. Then her neighbour entered the door, she also had her *marito* on her arm.

“Felicità! What are you doing with the child?”

“The child is mine!” answered Felicità. “I can murder him, if I choose, and thee, also, Gianina,” and she swung her fire-pot; the other raised her’s to parry the blow. The pots clashed against each other, and the broken

pieces, fire and ashes, flew about the room; but at the same instant the boy was out of the door, over the yard, and away from the house. The poor child ran so that at last he was quite breathless. He stopped at the church of Santa Croce, the church whose large door had the night before opened to admit him, and he went in. There was a flood of light; he knelt by the first grave to the right; it was Michael Angelo's, and he sobbed aloud. People came and went; the mass was read; no one took notice of the boy. At length an elderly citizen stopped, looked at him, and then went away like the rest.

Hunger and thirst tormented the little fellow; he was quite exhausted and sick; he crept into a corner between the wall and the marble monument, and fell asleep. It was towards evening when he was again awakened by some one shaking him; he started up, and the same old citizen stood before him.

“Are you ill? Where do you live? Have

you been here the whole day?" were a few of the questions put to him by the old man. They were answered, and the old man took him home with him to a small house close by, in one of the side streets. It was a glover's shop they entered; the wife sat diligently at work. A little white Bolognese dog, clipped so close that one could see its rosy red skin, skipped on to the table, and jumped about before the little boy.

"The innocent souls know each other," said the woman, as she patted both the boy and the dog.

The good folks gave the poor boy to eat and to drink, and they said he should be allowed to remain the night over. Next day father Giuseppe would speak with his mother. He had a poor little bed; but it was a magnificent one for him, who was often obliged to sleep on the hard stone floor. He slept so well, and dreamt of the rich paintings, and of the Bronze Hog.

Father Giuseppe went out next morning, and the poor child was not happy on that account, for he knew that this going out was in order to return him again to his mother ; and he cried, and kissed the nimble dog, and the woman nodded to them both.

And what answer did father Giuseppe bring ? The citizen spoke much with his wife, and she nodded, and patted the boy.

“ He is a sweet child ! ” said she. “ What a fine glover we can make of him—just as you were ! and he has such fine, pliant fingers. Madonna has destined him to be a glover ! ”

And so the boy remained there in the house, and the woman herself taught him to sew. He lived well, he slept well, he became lively, and he began to teaze Bellissima—so the little dog was called ;—the woman threatened him with her finger, and chid him, and was angry, and it went to the boy’s heart, as he sat thoughtfully in his little chamber. It looked out to the street, and they dried skins there ; thick iron

bars were before the windows. He could not sleep, the Bronze Hog was in his thoughts, and he suddenly heard something outside :—" plask, plask !" Yes, it was certainly the hog. He sprang to the window, but there was nothing to be seen—it was past.

" Help Signor to carry his colour-box !" said the old lady in the morning to the boy, as their young neighbour, the painter, came toiling along with it, and a large roll of canvass. The child took the box, and followed the painter ; they made the best of their way to the gallery, and went up the same stairs ; he knew it well from the night that he rode on the Bronze Hog ; he knew the statues, and paintings ; the beautiful marble Venus ; and those that lived in colours ; he saw again Mary, Jesus, and John. They now stood still before the picture by Bronzino, where Christ descends into the nether-world, and the children round about smile in sweet certainty of heaven ; the poor child smiled also, for he was here in *his* heaven !

“Now go home!” said the painter to him, when the boy had stood until he had adjusted his easel.

“May I see you paint?” said the boy; “may I see how you get the picture there on to that white piece?”

“I am not going to paint now,” answered the young man, and took his black chalk out. His hand moved quickly, his eye measured the large picture, and, though it was but a thin stroke that came forth, yet Christ stood hovering there, as on the coloured canvas.

“But you must go, now!” said the painter, and the boy sauntered silently homeward: he sat down on the table, and learned—to sew gloves.

But his thoughts were the whole day in the picture-gallery, and, therefore, he pricked his fingers, was intolerably awkward, but did not tease Bellissima! When it was evening, and the street door just chanced to be open, he stole out; it was cold, but starlight, so beau-

tiful and clear, and he wandered away through the streets, which were already still, and he soon stood before the Bronze Hog, which he bent down over, kissing its bright snout; and he got on its back.

“Thou blessed animal,” said he, “how I have longed for thee! We must ride a little to-night!”

The Bronze Hog remained immoveable, and the fresh water welled from its mouth. The little boy sat there like a jockey, until some one pulled him by the clothes. He looked around, it was Bellissima, the little naked, shorn, Bellissima.—The dog had crept out of the house, and followed the little boy without his having observed it. Bellissima barked as if it would say, “You see I am with you, why will you sit there?”—No fiery dragon could have frightened the boy more than the little dog in that place. Bellissima in the street and without being *dressed*, as the old mother called it! what would be the consequence? The dog

was never allowed to go out in the winter time without being clothed in a little sheep-skin, which was cut and sewed to fit it. The skin was to be bound fast about the neck and belly with red ribbons, and it had bells. The dog looked almost like a little kid when it had this habit on in the winter time, and was permitted to trip out with Signora. Bellissima was with him, and not dressed ; what would be the result ? All his wild fancies had vanished, yet the boy kissed the Bronze Hog, and took Bellissima in his arms. The animal trembled with cold, and therefore the boy ran as fast as he could.

“ What are you running with there ?” cried two gendarmes whom he met ; and Bellissima barked.

“ Where have you stolen that pretty dog from ?” they asked, and took it from him.

“ Oh ! give it me again !” whimpered the boy.

“ If you have not stolen it, you can tell

them at home that they can get the dog at the guard-house !” They named the place, and away they went with Bellissima.

Here was sorrow and trouble ! He knew not whether he should spring into the Arno, or go home and confess all !—They would certainly kill him, he thought. “ But I would willingly be killed ! I will die, and then I shall go to Jesus and Madonna ;”—and he went home with the thought of being killed.

The door was locked ; he could not reach the knocker ; there was no one in the street, but there was a loose stone ; he took it up and hammered away at the door ; “ Who is that !” cried a voice from within.

“ It is me !” said he. “ Bellissima is lost !—let me in, and kill me !”

They were so frightened, particularly Signora, for poor Bellissima !—She looked directly to the wall where the dog’s vestment always hung, and the little sheep-skin was there.

“ Bellissima in the guard-house !” she cried

quite aloud ; “ you wicked child ! How did you get him out ! He will be frozen to death ! That delicate animal among the coarse soldiers.”

The old man was obliged to be off directly. The wife wailed, and the boy cried. All the people in the house mustered together, the painter too ; he took the boy between his knees, questioned him, and by bits and scraps he got the whole story about the Bronze Hog and the gallery—it was not easy to understand. The painter, however, consoled the little fellow, and spoke kindly to the old woman ; but she was not satisfied before “ father” came with Bellissima, who had been amongst the soldiers. There was such joy, and the painter patted the poor boy, and gave him a handful of pictures.

Oh, they were splendid pieces, comic heads ! but, above all, there was the Bronze Hog itself to the life. Oh, nothing could be more glorious ! With a few strokes, it stood there on

paper, and even the house behind it was shown.

“ Oh, how I wish I could draw and paint! then I could obtain the whole world for myself.”

The first leisure moment that the little fellow had next day, he seized the pencil, and on the white side of one of the pictures, he attempted to copy the drawing of the Bronze Hog, and he succeeded!—A little crooked, a little up and down, one leg thick and another thin, but yet it was not to be misunderstood; he himself exulted over it. The pencil would not go just as straight as it should do, he could perceive; but next day there stood another Bronze Hog by the side of the first, and it was a hundred times better; the third was so good that every one might know it.

But the glove-making went badly on, the town errands went on slowly, for the Bronze Hog had taught him that all pictures could be

drawn on paper, and the City of Florence is a whole picture-book, if one will but turn the leaves over. On the Piazza della Trinità there stands a slender pillar, and on the top of this stands the Goddess of Justice, with her eyes bound, and the scales in her hand.

She soon stood on the paper, and it was the glover's little boy who had placed her there. The collection of pictures increased ; but everything in it was as yet but still-life ; when one day Bellissima hopped about before him. "Stand still," said he, "you shall be beautiful, and be amongst my pictures !" but Bellissima would not stand still, so he must be bound ; his head and tail were fastened ; he barked and jumped : the string must be tightened—when in came Signora !

"You wicked boy ! the poor animal !" was all that she could say ; and she pushed the boy aside, kicked him with her foot and turned him out of her house ; he, the most ungrateful rascal, the naughtiest child ! and crying, she kissed her little half-strangled Bellissima.

Just then the painter came up the stairs, and— here is the point on which the story turns.

In the year 1834 there was an exhibition in the *Accademia della Arte* in Florence; two paintings placed by the side of each other drew a number of spectators to them. The smallest painting represented a merry little boy, who sat drawing; he had for his model a little, white, nicely-clipped pug-dog, but the animal would not stand still, and was therefore bound fast with packthread, and that both by the head and tail; there was life and truth in it that must appeal to every one. The painter was, as they said, a young Florentine who had been found in the streets when a little boy. He had been brought up by an old glover and had taught himself drawing. A painter, now famous, had discovered this talent, the boy having been chased away because he had bound his mistress's favourite, the little pug-dog, and made it his model.

The glover's boy had become a great painter. This picture proved it; but it was particularly

shown in the larger one by its side. Here was but a single figure, a ragged but beautiful boy, who sat and slept in the street; he leaned up against the Bronze Hog in the street Porta Rossa.* All the spectators knew the place. The child's arm rested on the swine's head; the little boy slept soundly, and the lamp by the image of the Madonna cast a strong, effective light on the child's pale, sweet face. It was a magnificent picture; a large gilt frame encircled it, and on the corner of the frame hung a laurel wreath, but between the green leaves, a black ribbon entwined itself, from which a long crape veil hung down.

The young artist was just then dead!

* The Bronze Hog is a cast; the original is antique and of marble; it is placed at the entrance to the gallery in Palazzo degli Uffizi.

IV.

TRAVELLING WITH THE VETTURINO.

THE most general mode of travelling through Italy is with the Vetturino ; he arranges the whole, but then one must stop where he will, eat what he orders to be placed on the table, and sleep in the place he pleases to choose for us. Dinner and lodging are always included in the agreement ; but the journey always lasts twice as long as when one travels by post ; it is also quite characteristic that, after having agreed with the man, we do not give him money in hand, but he, on the contrary, gives

us ; for he is sure that we shall not run away from him ; but we cannot be so certain with respect to him, for if a higher price be offered him than that we have agreed to give, he takes the highest bidder, and lets us remain behind with what he has put into our hands.

The time of departure is generally before sunrise ; but as the Vetturino has his passengers to fetch from different places in the town, and as all do not belong to the class of early risers, some are to be awakened when he comes ; others stand busy packing up, so that it is late in the morning before the last passenger can be got into the carriage. Now I belong to those who get up in the middle of the night, when I have to travel early in the morning ; so I was up here likewise, and had everything ready to leave Florence, and to travel by way of Terni to Rome, a journey which, with the Vetturino, lasts six whole days. The road over Sienna is, however, shorter. I knew them both, and chose

the most interesting, although the longest. The Vetturino was to start at three o'clock ; I was ready an hour earlier, and stood staring at my portmanteau and travelling-bag.

I had my things taken down stairs that they should not wait for me. The clock struck half-past two, but no carriage came ; the clock struck four, there was a rumbling in the street ; there came a Vetturino, but he drove past ;—there came another ;—he also drove past, and all was still !

The clock struck one quarter, and then another. The church bells rang to prayers, the bells of the hotels rang for the waiters. Carriages enough came through the street, but none to me. The clock struck five, then six—I was certain that they had forgotten me—and then came the carriage. Within, sat a stout Englishman : he was asleep when the Vetturino had called for him. There was also a Roman lady ; she had been on a visit to her daughter

in Florence, and their leave-taking had lasted an hour, so the Vetturino said, adding, we should now be off at a gallop, as soon as I had got in.

The whip cracked, we rolled over the Arno, and then we stopped. It was outside a cloister ; some ecclesiastics came out ; a young, pale brother of the Camaldulen's order ascended the coupé with me. He was an Englishman, and knew a little French, but it was not possible to get into conversation with him ; he read his prayer-book continually, smote his breast, crossed himself, and kept closing his eyes as if he would have nothing to do with either trees, mountains, or sun, much less with such a heretic as myself. Every people's, nay, every sect's different manner of approaching God is sacred to me ; I feel myself perplexed by the thought that my presence makes them less free in their approach to God. It was thus also here by the side of this, the most zealous Catholic I had hitherto met ; but as I by degrees observed how entirely he lived

within himself and his forms, I also became free; and as he once closed his prayer-book and stole a glance at nature, my great holy bible, I pointed to its beautiful writings and the sentences which might be read there. God had strown ashes on the green heads of the olive trees which here stretched forth the rich fruit of their grey-green branches. The vines held each other fast, though the world had robbed them of their heavy grapes, and the wind now plundered them of their red-brown leaves. "Be humble, if even you give rich fruit to the world!" preached the olive-trees. "Keep together in unity, if even the world rob you of all!" said the vine. Thus I read in my bible—what the brother of the Camaldulens read I know not; but the bible can be read in many ways. In the interior of the diligence, the conversation proceeded in a much more lively manner. The Englishman spoke French with La Romana, and she laughed and translated into Italian for her spouse, a little gentleman

who was dressed like an abbot, what the Englishman said to her. A young priest was the fourth person, and they composed the party.

We came to Incisa. The young priest and the little thin man jumped out of the diligence, and then came Signora; the Englishman followed her with still more difficulty, as he had ladies' fur boots on his feet, a large blue cape over his shoulders, and a thick woollen neckerchief about his thin red whiskers. There was something of a courtier's consciousness and a chandler's carriage about him; my English priest clothed in black, with his boots over his smalls, very frozen-looking and devout, wandered away directly to the church, we others accompanied Sir ——, who led La Romana up the broad, dirty stairs to the *salle-à-manger*, which presented four not over white walls, a brick floor, some rush chairs, and a table; the cloth on which, was in colour as though it had been washed in

coffee-water. The Englishman entertained us by telling about all the royal saloons he had been in, of two princes who had sat by his bed-side, when he lay ill in Florence; and now he was so modest as to travel with the vetturino, and that without having servants with him; for "one was not in Italy for one's servants' pleasure!"

Signora bowed at every great name he mentioned, and repeated it to her little husband, who bowed still lower, and looked at the young priest, who bowed obediently as he did.

Now came the dishes, which all of us, except the Briton, had ordered. The Englishman peered closely into them, seized a fork, and without ceremony took the best piece he saw. "It is good," said he, and we all bowed politely. The company did it because of his distinction, I on account of his originality.

The Signora now took out some small baked fruit cakes, which her daughter had made for her. She presented two of the richest to our

guest, as we at the table called him. "I will put by these cakes until evening," said he, "they are delicious;" and he folded them up in paper, put the little parcel into his pocket, and bowed. "But yet one ought to taste them," he reminded himself; and so he took a piece from Signora; "It is excellent, superb!" and then he took another piece.

Signora bowed, and laughed aloud. I think she also began to find him original.

The hostess now brought him his breakfast, and that disappeared like our dishes. For dessert the Englishman gave us a bravura, Signora clapped her hands, and cried "Bravo," her husband also. The waiter let the plate fall from sheer astonishment, and the Englishman's rush-chair broke down; it was too crazy for an Englishman under excitement. Signora now made a sign, and her husband sang so softly, and in such a dying cadence, so ethentially I may say, that I at last could only see by his trembling lips, that he was still

amusing us with his song. It met with immense applause. We then got into the diligence again. My praying English priest now appeared, and crept up with me ; his breakfast had been the air and the little prayer-book : he prayed still. The whip cracked, three voices within the carriage rose in melody, and away we went again. Towards evening we had rain, but the rain-drops soon turned into snow-flakes, which were thawed directly on the wet clayey road. We got but slowly forward ; it was dark, and there was not a house where we could get our lantern lighted. Signora moaned in dismal fear of robbers, and her spouse from dread of being overturned ; the Englishman railed at the coachman, and the coachman at the horses, and so it continued in the same progression until a light at length shone in the distance. We were near a solitary inn, where we went up into the guest's room through a stable, half frozen and hungry. It was a most intolerable time before a few

sticks and twigs could be brought to blaze in the chimney; but at the moment they *did* blaze, the Englishman came with his sheets, and formed a screen with them around the fire-place. "They must be dried," said he, and so the sheets got the whole warmth. The rest of the company put up with it, and I also was obliged to be satisfied. The Englishman and I were to sleep in one room together. I entered, and found him standing on my counterpane which he had spread out on the floor, having elevated his bed with two of my pillows, which he had appropriated to his own use without ceremony.

"I do not like to lie with my head low!" said he.

"Nor I either!" I replied. "With your permission," and I took them from him. He looked amazed.

He was an insupportable sleeping companion; he wanted so much waiting on, that at last I was obliged to go to bed to get rid of him. I

pretended to sleep ; but I saw with half-closed eyes, that he prepared his midnight meal on a ricketty rush-chair by the bed.

I had been up a long while next morning, the horses were already before the diligence, and we still waited for the Englishman. He could never be ready. Signora had also just begun her toilet

“It goes on slowly,” said her husband, “for she weeps from anxiety to see her daughter.”

At length we drove off.

I again sat with my godly neighbour, who crossed himself, read his prayer-book, and fasted.

We were obliged to stop in Arezzo, for both the priests must pray, and Signora said she must absolutely go to confession.

From hence all around was olive-woods. One group of trees disclosed itself after the other. The olive-tree resembles the willow most, but the branches do not shoot forth in

stiff twigs, they bend more, the leaf is less, and the trunk itself looks as if a giant hand had torn it half up from the ground, turned it round, and then let it stand waving in the storm.

The old town of Castellone, situated on a rock, rises above the grey-green olive-woods ; it is one of the dirtiest, but also most picturesque towns in Italy. I know not how to describe it better than by saying, that it looks as if it had taken the houses, nooks, and corners that were much too miserable-looking in other towns, and thrown them here behind the old wall, above and over which they, however, protrude. These small hanging gardens are in reality but scraps of terraces, which they have fastened like balconies under a window, or over a door of the house, where one least expected to see them. A part of the town wall forms a sort of forum for the people. The square here was quite filled with all sorts of persons ; the steep road up to the gate of the town also swarmed

with pedestrians, and persons riding; but there were no church bells ringing, no flags waving, otherwise I should have thought it was some great feast. From all the by-ways, and even on the high-road, there were swarms of men and swine—great grunting herds.

A heavy cloud hung over our heads, and some fine drops fell. The travellers extended their umbrellas which were almost all of a yellow-green, and so colossal that one could only see the green roof, and the hind part of the ass, when a monk or a village Donna rode before us. There was such a screaming, and grunting, and hilarity, the nearer we approached the inn which lies close to the road by the gates of the town. There was a swine market in Castellone.

Signora stepped backwards out of the diligence just as a whole herd of swine was driven past; half the drove ran under the diligence; it looked like the waves of “the Black Sea,” and Signora trod on the Black Sea, and

rocked on it, like a travestied Venus Anadyomene. She screamed, the waves screamed, and the drover screamed. It was a perilous moment for Signora.

We sat down to table in the inn. There was such ordering and shouting by the Englishman, that the whole house was convinced he was a disguised prince, and that he would give the attendants royal vails. They heard only him, they ran only for him, were abused and kicked, and to all that he said and did they smiled and bowed ; but he gave them no vails. " For I am very dissatisfied !" said he, " I am dissatisfied with the food, with the house, and the attendance !" — the abashed waiters bowed still deeper, and both the priests took their hats off when he got into the diligence.

It was so narrow and uncomfortable within ; it was so hung round with boxes and cases that every one was obliged to be very circumspect, if he would travel with the slightest comfort ; the whole of the packages belonged to the Englishman, and yet, as he boasted, he

paid the least of us all. He had taken the best place, and if a box or a package came too near him it was pushed over to the others : “ For those things trouble one,” said he ; and it is true they did ; but all the things were his own, even the large case which he had fixed behind Signora’s neck.

At Lago di Perugia we left the Tuscan, and entered the Papal, territory. The Custom-house looked a deserted stable, but it is finely situated on the side of a mountain in the midst of an olive grove, from the terraces of which we look down to the sea. The sun cast strong red rays on the trees ; pretty peasant girls with white veils over their shoulders drove their cattle along, and I rejoiced at the sight of this living picture, whilst the officers of the customs examined the contents of our portmanteaus.

It was dark before we got away. The road was heavy and our horses exhausted. We proceeded at a very slow pace ; the Vetturino said that the road here was not safe, that is to say,

we had no robbers to fear, but thieves might cut off our baggage from behind the diligence. Signora wept aloud.

We now took it in turns to walk two behind at a time, to keep a look-out. It was a heavy, clayey forest-road, only lighted by the miserable flame of our carriage-lantern, and in addition we had also to go up hill. The horses panted, the Englishman growled, and Signora sighed from the deepest depths of her heart.

Late in the evening we reached the village of Passignore which is regarded by all travellers as a genuine robber-hole.

Two stout, masculine looking girls, strong, and florid complexioned, each of whom looked like a robber's bride, waited upon us in the inn. We got a soup to which we gave a taste by putting in much salt, pepper, and cheese; we also got some boiled, and then some small fried fish, each as large as a finger. The wine was sour as vinegar, the grapes mouldy, and the bread as hard as a stone.

The beds were all as broad as they were long; they seemed to be arranged for four persons lengthwise and four crosswise.

The rain poured down in torrents the whole night.

As we were leaving the inn in the morning, having to descend the steep stone stairs which passed almost perpendicularly through two floors, our buttoned-up and over-coated Englishmen trod on something—I know not what—and rolled from the topmost step very gracefully down the whole stairs, step for step;—but this did not put him in better humour.

The road to Perugia goes upwards. We had got oxen for leaders to our conveyance; they went but slowly, and it seemed as if we should never reach the good city, which is more famed for the potter's son than for all its bishops.*

* Perugia, as it is well known, is the place where Raphael received instruction.

At length we arrived there.

The passage in the hotel was crowded with armorial shields; one was hung up for every prince who had passed a night here. The Danish wild-men were also here; they seemed to interest Signora, particularly when she heard from me that they were my countrymen; and she asked me quite naïvely, if they went dressed in that manner in our cold land.

The cold, chilly, praying Camaldulens monk left us here. He bade none of us farewell.

At last I had a good place; the whole *coupé* was mine; I could sit alone and gaze well-pleased at the fine mountains; this place was, in fact, too little for two persons.

We were now to be off again; our stout Englishman waddled up to me:—he too would enjoy the prospect.

I assured him that the place was not large enough for him. “It is unpleasant!”—said he, and held on fast, although he continued to agree with me that there was not room for

two; he therefore proposed to me that I should creep into the diligence; but I told him that it was just for the sake of enjoying nature alone that I had chosen this place.

“I will also remain here for the sake of enjoying nature,” said he.

We had only driven a short distance when he shut his eyes, and begged me to nudge him when there was anything pretty to be seen. I did so a few times, but then he requested that I would only nudge him when there was something very unusually fine.

I let him sleep.

At Assisi, the birth-place of St. Francis, we visited the village church *degl'Angeli*. Signora would confess.

Our Englishman took a guide to conduct him about alone to see the curiosities, “for he did not see well in company,” he said. The monk who escorted him received neither money nor thanks. “These fellows have nothing else to do!” said he, when Signora reproached him

for his meanness. From that moment the connection between them was colder; from that moment no quartette was heard in the diligence.

I have never before met a person with such a—yes, what shall I call it?—such a thoughtless impudence. Every one must live for him, every one must conform themselves to his convenience; he never paid a compliment but it was transformed into rudeness as it passed his lips. At last I began to think of the wicked step-mother in the story, who, after her husband's daughter had returned home from the well into which he had thrown her, and gold and roses sprang out of her mouth when she spoke, threw her own wicked daughter into the well; but when she came up, she was still worse than before, and at every word a frog or a lizard sprang out of her mouth. The more I looked at the Englishman, and the more I heard him speak, the more certain was I that

he was own brother to the step-mother's had daughter.

How unpleasant did he not make the evening to us in that peaceful town Spoleto ; where the fire burned so brightly in the chimney ; where the music sounded so sweetly from the street ; where the people rejoiced outside the church, "*e viva Madonna ! e viva Jesus Christus !*"

We were again in the diligence before sunrise ; and as long as it was the cold morning I had my place alone. It was dull weather, but the mountains were beautiful, and many of the trees were green. One little town after the other rose above us ; each one lay like a sphinx on the mountain, and seemed to say : " Do you know what lives and moves here ? " We passed quickly by.

A beggar knelt down on the road before us, and kissed the ground. We passed by. We met armed soldiers, who surrounded a car on which lay four strong, black-bearded robbers

chained together ; an old crone was with them. She sat at the back, with her face towards us ; she nodded to us, and seemed to be merry enough. We drove quickly past—we were in Spoleto.

A horrible looking fellow, in a dirty blue cloak, and with a little red greasy cap on his uncombed hair, approached our diligence. I took him for a beggar, and referred him to the party in the other part of the vehicle ; he went up to one side and then to the other, but was sent away from both sides.

“ That is a passenger,” said the Vetturino ; “ it is a *nobile* from Rome !” But we all protested against having him for a neighbour. He looked exactly like patient Job, when he scraped himself with a potsherd.

He then got up beside the Vetturino, and my prospect was now completely cut off.

When at home, and sitting on a soft sofa, we do not dream of travelling thus in Italy ;

we then only see handsome people; the sun then shines continually between the vines and cypresses; the body feels no weariness. Even the fresh air which came to me was infected with the smell of the *nobile's* clothes.

At the next station I gave up the *coupé* to him, sat by the side of the Vetturino, drank in the air, and looked on the charming mountain scenery.

The road went in a zig-zag up Monte Somma; we had oxen before the diligence; the fountains rippled between the large stone blocks; some yew trees were quite green as in spring; and where the trees were old and leafless, the ivy, so fresh and luxuriant, wound about the trunks and branches, even to the extremest point, so that the trees appeared in their richest verdure; the whole crown of the tree was a swelling green.

Pretty girls ran alongside the diligence, and offered us fruit. The ox-driver sang his can-

zonet, and whistled a merry chorus to it. I sprang down from my seat ; my heart exulted at the picturesque beauty around us.

Down in the clefts of the mountains lay the ruins of two water-mills ; a large, black bird of prey darted out of the thicket. All was wild and solitary ; rain clouds hung in the air above us ; mists arose gently from the clefts of the mountains. Step by step the heavily-loaded diligence moved on.

The Vetturino declared that we could not arrive time enough at Terni to visit the water-fall. I, who had seen it on a previous journey, was resigned. The Englishman, on the contrary, raved ; and this time it was not without reason. He swore, he stormed, he *would* see the water-fall.

It was pitch dark when we reached Terni, but the Englishman would have his way. He called for a guide, had two lanterns lighted, got upon an ass, and ordered them to conduct him to the waterfall.

“ But it is impossible for you to see it with two lanterns.”

“ Then we can take three,” he replied ; and rode away.

The guide looked extremely pleased with the whole arrangement ; it was certainly the first time that he ever saw the waterfall by such a light.

How they managed to place the two or three lanterns by that gigantic fall I know not ; but the Englishman said, when he returned, that the waterfall at Terni was not worth the trouble of going all that way to see ; he had viewed it both from above and below, but it was a poor affair.

We were to be off again at three o'clock next morning, the Vetturino informed us, for the road was bad, and we had our longest day's journey to make, and we must reach Nepi before it was dark, as the country round about there was unsafe. Another Vetturino with his party joined us ; but still we were not in sufficient force.

The rain poured down in torrents, the road was deep, and heavy, it was quite dark. We heard a deep hollow sound from the mountains ; it was the herdsmen who blew their conch-shells to call their flocks together.

We passed the mountainous town of Rocca at daybreak. It is very picturesquely situated ; the country around had the appearance of the Tyrolean mountains in the summer time. Every bush, every tree was green ; the rain had refreshed the grass and leaves. The ivy had entwined itself in rich garlands around the thick trunks of the trees, and about the cliffs. The town itself hung like a swallow's nest on the front of the rock. The yellow Tiber wound its way along in the deep below.

Our Englishman slept ; Signora did the same ; but they looked the more lively for it when we afterwards descended at Atricoli ; a town, the pavement in which seems to have been laid down during an earthquake. The inn was so filled with dirt that I preferred to eat in the

stable, where the smell was at least pure, rather than in the greasy rooms.

The prospect, on the contrary, was splendid in the extreme. The mountains had a bluish-green tone; the valleys extended, deep and fruitful. That splendour—and this filthiness! Yet, it is truly said, that nothing is perfect in this world. But in truth both conditions were here as complete as can be imagined. The Englishman was so also, in his way; he went prying about after food amongst the new Vetturino's passengers, and regaled himself with the best pieces that were set before him. He became rude towards our peaceful ecclesiastic, and began to speak in an uncivil manner to Signora.

Unpleasant company, bad weather, miserable roads, and poor horses; everything was united to make the journey a penitential one. The sun would not shine into my heart, nor would it shine upon the landscape around me; and the extent of country which we had just

passed lay in the most charming sunshine when I was last here. But nature doubtless thought thus : “ For that party yonder I need not put on my best ; and the poet has seen how beautiful it *can* be here. He has sung my praise, he will not do it better ! ” and so she continued in her rainy, phlegmatic, humour.

The Vetturino declared that the road was now so bad that we could not reach Nepi by daylight ; it was too dangerous to drive there in the dark ; we must, therefore, pass the night in Civita Castellane.

We passed *Monte Socrate*, whose snows Horace has sung ; and our night quarters lay before us, with old bush-grown walls, almost covered with creeping plants. The water rushed in a feathery foam over the cliffs. Civita Castellane is one of those towns that appear handsome as we pass them, but it is an uncomfortable place to reside in. We put up at *Albergo Croce di Malta*, an old cloister, formerly belonging to the monks of St. Francis, but

now converted into an inn. From the street we entered at once into the vaulted stable. It appeared as if it had been a chapel before ; a high steep staircase led to the guests' rooms. Cats and fowls sprang about. The doors hung on one hinge only, or else were entirely without. The women of the house sat and plaited their long hair, and scarcely knew whether they ought to receive us or not.

I went about a little, and looked over the building ; everything was in the greatest disorder : in some of the rooms there stood beds without bed clothes ; wet clothes were hung up on poles ; in others lay broken furniture, or there were jars and pots piled up with Heaven knows what. I descended into a narrow yard, enclosed by four dingy piazzas ; in the middle of the yard was a deep well ; bats flew by dozens over my head ; a little wooden door stood ajar ; it could neither be moved backwards nor forwards. I put my head in ; it was a cold, damp church. I saw the high win-

dows, but everything within was veiled in darkness. I was not alone, I heard footsteps—I stepped aside: two men in black, with broad-brimmed hats, like those the Jesuits wear, entered the archway.

“*Viva Giesu sanguine!*” said they, quite softly as they passed me. I followed slowly after them.

When I came up again, I heard that it had fallen to my lot to share my room that night either with the *nobile* or the Englishman. I protested against the arrangement, and took refuge with the young priest. He had got a sort of pigeon-house to sleep in; and I asked if I might not prepare myself a bed on some chairs with him.

“But I have some religious ceremonies —” he began.

I begged him not to think of me at all, for that matter, as I should fall asleep directly. I now hastily put together a few chairs side by side, the priest, Signora, and her husband, all

three helped me to drag in the bed clothes—it was a horrible couch! In the midst of this arrangement came the Englishman; he was red in the face, and angry because I would not sleep in his company.

“Will you leave me in this robber hole?” said he. “Am I to lie, and be murdered alone! The door won’t lock; there is a closet in the room with stairs! In the adjoining room there are a monk and a peasant—they look most wretched! Shall I lie there, and be murdered alone! You are not a good comrade; I shall not speak to you during the whole journey!”

I thanked him for it.

It was an unpleasant evening; and on the same evening—but I did not know it then—my tragedy, “The Moorish Girl,” was performed for the first time in Copenhagen. The public were, certainly, much better satisfied that evening than the author.

Although we were two companies of travellers, who intended to depart together the next

morning, yet all the people in the inn advised us to take an escort with us to Nepi, where we expected to arrive at sunrise.

At three o'clock we were all up ; four horses belonging to the party forming our escort, tramped outside the hotel. The rain poured down ; our Englishman not ready, and when he was, he began a scene of abuse with the hostess, and then with the chambermaid.

At length we set off ; two horsemen rode before, and two behind. When we reached the gates we met the Roman diligence, which goes by way of Forti to Bologna ; it also was under escort.

We passed a long bridge, " Ponte del Cujoni," as the Vetturino called it, and said that under this bridge the rascally thieves concealed themselves when they saw that travellers had soldiers with them. How far it was safe to take this way I dare not venture to determine ; but I certainly regarded the whole as an agreement between the people at the inn, the

Vetturino, and the soldiers, for the latter earned a little money by it. Neither now, previously, nor afterwards, have I ever been attacked in Italy, for we assuredly may travel as safely here as in England, or France.

It was almost broad day when we arrived at Nepi, a town which may pass for a first-rate specimen of filthiness and ruin; the large palaces appeared as if they were deserted by human beings, and abandoned to rats and bats. Spiders' webs, covered with thick dust, hung in every niche and corner. The rain, however, ceased during our stay here, but the grey atmosphere hung like a heavy leaden dome above us.

There was a strange solitude amongst the final branches of the mountains. At length we came to the last station, La Storta, a little hamlet, a few hours' drive from Rome.

The first and only inn here looks like a common stable; the kitchen and guests' room is in one. The walls are painted with wretched

landscapes, just as one sees them in a bad magic lantern, with thick strokes and gross colours, glowing and imperfect as in a coloured A B C book. All the light comes in through the door. In the middle of the floor stood a large, square iron box with fire in it, and by the side of it a deal table and benches for the guests. Bunches of brackens hung under the ceiling to attract the flies, probably that they might not spoil the paintings. Poultry and bottles had their place on the floor; the smell of cookery filled the room, and we saw every thing in a light tone of smoke from the chimney. The prospect through the door was bounded by a gravel-pit and a dung-hill, with living turkeys. The diligence and baggage-waggon filled up the remaining space.

Our Englishman went immediately to the fire-place, looked at the different dishes, and at once took what was ready, and what he thought was best; but the hostess of La Storta turned on her heel, and in a moment snatched

the piece he had taken out of his hand, her flashing eyes measuring him from top to toe. He pushed her aside. She asked if he were mad, and then showed him the meat he had ordered, which was still quite raw in the pan. He pinched her fat arm, and she raised her kitchen knife.

Her husband, a little thick man, ran up, held her round the waist, and lifted her from the floor. She waved the knife about, and a broad stream of words flowed through the house. The Englishman's face was red as fire ; he seized a rush chair, and held it before him.

We, however, managed to get peace restored, and then he began to eat. He ate as much as three persons.

“ I shall eat for two,” said he. “ I shall eat, for I am vexed ;—eat, yet only pay three paoli.”

The hostess, however, demanded six paoli ; the Vetturino, whose boarder the Englishman

was at all meals, complained aloud. We took the Vetturino's part, and the Englishman loaded the poor fellow with abuse.

"He shall have no drink money!" said he. "I am displeased with him; I am dissatisfied with the food; dissatisfied with the company!"

"With the company?" asked Signora.

"Certainly," said he, "you are always chattering. Snurrr—how it clatters! and your husband is stupid, he is dumb, he has no education, no refinement!"

"No education!" replied Signora. She became quite pale, put her arms a-kimbo; "no refinement! Husband, take your academical certificate out of your pocket, and show him that you have education."

Her little husband was just as pale as herself; he said not a word; his eyes stared wildly around. He took out his pocket-book, and unfolded a paper which he held out before the Englishman.

"Read," said Signora, "read, if you can!—

my husband not a man of education ! Englishman, look at me ! It is you who are an uncultivated fellow ; and you say you have lived with princes ! Oxen and dogs have been your companions, *maladetta !*"

" I don't read," shouted the Englishman in the midst of her speech, and struck the paper, set his arms a-kimbo just like Signora, and imitated the gobbling of a turkey-cock.

All at once the hostess stood by the side of Signora ; she raised herself on one foot, her eyes glistened, she held a dish of cauliflower in her hand, and the contents flew over the Englishman's head. The hens on the floor fluttered wildly about ; I laughed, some of the company drummed on the table with their fingers, and two ladies belonging to another Vetturino's party flew to a side door.

From that moment no one spoke to the Englishman ; he got into the diligence, and pretended to sleep.

From La Storta begins the campagna of

Rome, a large grass-grown church-yard—that is the picture it presents. No house; but the ruins of tombs without names, lie by the way-side. The shepherds drive their flocks of sheep amongst the high thistles.

“Nero’s grave,” cried the Vetturino, as he pointed to a monument close by the road. We drove past. I discerned the cupola of St. Peter’s; oh! how my heart beat at the thought of seeing Rome again. I knew that green Monte Mario. We rolled over Ponte Molle, and were enclosed by the white walls of the vineyards, until we stopped outside Porta del Popolo.

The passports were delivered, we received our *bulletta*; a soldier got up alongside the other Vetturino, whilst the officer bade us follow to the custom-house. We followed.

“Not to the custom-house,” was the first word our Englishman said. He shouted it out of the diligence; he ordered them to drive him.

to an hotel, for he would not be dragged about at a soldier's orders.

"To the custom-house," we all cried, and the Vetturino drove thither.

In the Englishman's portmanteau there was found a number of wax candle ends. "I have brought them from the inns I have slept in; they stand in the account, and are paid for, and I take with me what belongs to me."

Here we took leave.

V.

ARRIVAL AT ROME.

ROME is certainly the only city in which a stranger without family or acquaintance can settle and be, as it were, at home. A tranquil mind may live here as solitary and lonely as it can wish, and the most troubled spirit will find change enough, for not a day passes here but it brings something new to the eye and to the thoughts.

A man ought to live a whole year in Rome to be able rightly to conceive the picture of this first city of the world, which receives its pe-

culiar colouring from each successive season of the year. It is just as interesting to see Rome at harvest time, when the dancing girls come from the vine-fields, as it is to view it in the days of the carnival, when the merry maskers fill the streets. One must be in Rome when the snow lies on the mountains, and the sentinel stands on his post with the fire-pot before him, whilst the bare-legged boys put their feet on the ice, and say it burns. One must be in Rome in the glowing summer heat, when the cooling fountain attracts the singing crowd about it in the evening.

The traveller from the north, who, as he rolls into the city, thinks that he shall see a place that will remind him of Nuremberg, or of some still more ancient city, is not a little surprised at the animated sight, the beautiful regularity, the highly modern buildings that present themselves to his view. We at once see a large handsome place, with obelisk and fountain, elegant hotels, noble terraces with newly-carved

statues, and bas-reliefs; young odour-spreading acacias form zig-zag avenues one above the other. All the great world roll past in splendid equipages; English ladies and Roman dandies display themselves on horseback. The only thing that could disturb this modern picture would perhaps be, were a couple of the cardinals' red-painted, clumsy carriages to come past, with the coachman and footman in perukes and three-cornered hats.

Towards the gate of the city are three streets, called Babbuino, il Corso, and Ripetta;—the middle one is il Corso, in which, during the carnival, horse-races, and driving take place. It is a fine street, with broad-flagged foot-pavement, shops, churches, and, above all, plenty of passengers. Let us drive up it, turn into one of the side streets on the left, and we are then in the, so called, Spanish place.

They tell us that the Tiber once rose so high that it carried a boat up to this place; suddenly the water sank, and the boat remained there,

just where the fountain now is. Michael Angelo, who was ordered to make a drawing for this fountain, took his design from the stranded boat : so we now see, in the centre of the round basin, a stone boat out of which the water flows.

Behind the fountain rises a flight of stone stairs ; they are as broad as a street, and as high as the neighbouring houses. It is the so called Spanish stairs, which lead to the French cloister for nuns, to the French academy, as well as to the finest and most frequented promenades.

These stairs once bore a disreputable name, in consequence of the midnight assaults that took place there. Now that lamps have been erected, and a soldier set on guard, such things are no longer heard of ; and yet the lamps burn dimly, and the soldier always sits, in the evening, in his watch-box. During the day this place swarms with beggars with withered limbs ; some hop like frogs, using their hands to spring on,

others lie down at full length, and show their decrepid limbs.*

From the topmost step of the stairs, by the walled balustrade, we have a prospect over half of Rome, with its towers and cupolas ; but we will not look at it now ; we will follow the street before us : it is Via Felice ; and here two kings have their dwellings. Where are these palaces situated ? See, there to the left, the smallest house of them all, penned in amongst these poor houses, and itself the poorest of them all ; two windows without glass, only iron bars across, a door with a knocker, and the inscription “ Villa Malta.” This is the King of Bavaria’s palace in Rome. Let us enter ;—yes, the miserable entrance is soon forgotten ; we are in a splendid garden, where

* The first who, during my renewed visit to Rome, addressed me with an “ *eccellenza* ” was just the very character I have drawn in “ *The Improvisatore*,” under the name of Uncle Beppo : he lay here still, with his grinning face.

large laurel hedges line the walk on either side ; the pine trees lift their green screen around the little dwelling, from which we look out over the seven-hilled city to the blue Sabine and Albanian mountains.

The other king's dwelling lies to the right in the same street, and looks something more like a palace than the former, though the windows are a little irregular. A dark passage with stone steps leads up to the rooms, which have only bricked floors ; but the walls there are covered with glorious images and paintings.

This is Thorvaldsen's dwelling.

We follow the street we are in, and stand in a large square, so perfectly Roman, that nothing can be more peculiar to Rome. We see a part of the Capuchin cloister, we notice old ruined walls, we behold a row of wretched, small, market town-houses, and behind these, one of the most splendid palaces, enclosing a treasury of paintings and sculpture. To the right we have shops, genuine Roman shops,

ornamented with laurels, garlands of red and white sausages, pyramids of cheese, mosaic work of figs and oranges, whole organs of candles, and everything as tastefully arranged as if there were some great feast going forward.

The lamp before the image of Madonna at the corner burns day and night; a canopy hangs above it; a little altar is beneath, and on this stand flower-pots with waving silk ribbons, whilst the wall itself is covered round about with votive tablets: these are small pictures, representing all the sicknesses and all the misfortunes Madonna has cured and saved men from. We see the run-away horses she stopped in their flight, we see children fall into wells who yet are saved. It is a whole miniature exhibition of miracles—a whole gallery of misfortunes which have a good end;—there is no place on the house itself for more votive tablets, and therefore the last are placed on the opposite wall.

But we must take a look at the square itself.

In the centre of it stands a mighty stone Triton, who with puffed-out cheeks blows in the conch-shell, so that the jet of water rises many yards in the sunshine, and plays like a prism, with the colours of the rainbow. Splendid white oxen, with horns an ell long, lie here detached from the waggons; groups of peasants, with variegated ribbons around their pointed hats, stand and play *mora*; girls so healthy-looking and handsome, with golden combs in their glistening black hair looking at a couple of dancers. The tambourine sounds—it is merry to see and hear. The Capuchin monk, who goes past with his beggar's wallet on his back, looks askant with a smile at the happy group.

Yes, here we are, in the heart of Rome! In this quarter strangers generally live; here we will also stay, and from hence make our excursions and see—yes, the whole in detail, as it revealed itself to me in the most lively manner.

VI

THE BORGHESE FAMILY.

THE Church of San Carlo is in the street "il Corso;" song and music sounded through the high arches; a thousand lights were borne in procession; a white, gilded coffin with a sky-blue lid stood on a high tressel, surrounded by candelabras with burning censers; but no earthly dust lay in this coffin! In the Church of Maria Maggiore,* in the rich tombs of the

* One of Rome's most important and handsomest churches; its forty Ionic pillars of Grecian marble are

Borghese family, reposed Guendalina Borghese Talbot; here, before this empty sarcophagus, expensive masses for the soul's repose were read, and the poor wept for her they had lost.

In the last months of the year 1840, the angel of death sailed every night up the yellow Tiber, landed, and traced with rapid steps the narrow streets, to the house of the poor, and to the palace of the rich; and wherever he came, he wrote the sign of death over one head.

In the silent streets by night, in the noisy crowd by day, but not visible to mortal eye, the angel of death passed up the narrow brick-built stairs and up the broad marble flags.

In Via Ripetta, one of the three straight streets which lead from Piazza del Popolo, there is a small, uninhabited house; an ample open bow front forms the two uppermost from the temple of Juno Lucina: the ceiling is gilded with the first gold that came from Peru to Europe.

stories, so that from the windows of the Palazzo Borghese, where one wing looks towards the narrow side street, one can see through this bowed front into Via Ripetta, see the yellow Tiber, that part of it where the ferry is; the opposite shore, the Church of St. Peter, and even the distant hills. The chamber in the Palazzo Borghese, from whence we have this prospect, belongs to the great picture gallery which extends through several saloons; here Leonello Spada's concert sends forth its everlasting tones: here the red evening sky never fades over Lot and his daughters;—Gerardo delle Notti called them into life with soul and flame; the golden shower pours down on Danae's lap with that metallic clang, which Raphael alone could impart to it.

Through these saloons the angel of death passed in the night, with large expanded wings, which covered and concealed everything behind them. See! on his brow the star shines and

predicts for us an immortality. He is no skeleton, but a daring youth who boldly cuts the thread of life.

Through these saloons the angel of death sped. Domenichino's sybil seemed to raise her eyes! Cæsar Borgia, to whom Raphael has given immortality, would have stepped out of his frame; but death's angel swept silently onward, up the broad staircase between the noble statues.

A son of the Borghese race was ordained to die. And the crape veil was fixed to the rich hatchment; but before it was hung up, the angel of death came again; it sought the mother who wept for her child; he kissed her bosom and she was dead—mother and son were dead.

The poor wept! There was sorrow in the cottage, there was wailing in the rich palace of the Borghese; but there still lived two sons. And death's angel came again;—one son more

must die; at last one remained, but sorrow was at his heart, and fever in his blood.

“Where is my brother?” he asked; and at the same moment they bore the corpse of his brother through the gates of the palace.

No answer was given:—the angel of death kissed the questioner’s lips. He also was dead!

There was weeping and wailing in the rich and magnificent palace of the Borghese; the best, the kindest mother was dead, and with her, three sons! Eternal Rome shed tears—its poets sang to the harp their dirge of sorrow: one touched my heart, I give it here.

La Morte della Principessa Guendalina Borghese Talbot, seguita da quella di tre suoi Figli.

SONETTO.

Presso al Tamigi un Fior di Paradiso

La Fè piantò con somma cura un giorno;

Bello ci crebbe in quel suol più d’un narciso:

Tanto era in suo candor di grazie adorno!

Quindi la Carità fiammante in viso

Del Tebro il trapiantò nel bel soggiorno,

E quì destava in tutti amore e riso

Per la fraganza che spandea d’intorno.

Ma il grato olezzo anche su in cielo ascese,
Onde averlo fra loro ebber desio
L'Alme ch'ivi si stanno al gaudio intese.

Allora a un divin cenno Angiol partio
Che svelto il Fior con tre germogli, il rese
All' amor de' beati, e in grembo a Dio.

DI F. F.

VII.

THE CHURCHES IN ROME.

YES, there are no less than three hundred and twenty eight churches in the city of Rome. To describe them would be just as tedious as to read the description; we will, therefore, confine ourselves to three, situated in the same quarter: and here let us enter.

Ascending the Spanish stairs, we behold the church Trinità dei Monti: a crowd of strangers flock here every Sunday morning, to hear the singing and music of the holy sisters. The blind beggar holds up the heavy curtain before

the door with his back, that the crowd may enter with greater ease. He rattles his tin box ; no one appears to notice it, for the tones of the soft female voices are already heard : it seems to be the weeping of angels dissolved in harmony. No spiritless sermon disturbs the devotion : the thoughts rise, in music's sound, to God.

The church is light and comfortable ; the sun shines on the gilded and ornamented walls. A trellis separates the congregation from the nuns, who sit around the altar, with the poor little girls they educate. Over the trellis is painted a burning heart, encircled by a wreath of thorns. Does it mean, "The heart shall burn for God in the thorns of the earth alone?" or does it signify, "My heart burns, but the cloister's thorns are set around it?"

With a life-enjoying look, the strangers stare through the trellis at the imprisoned doves. Alas ! which is better :—alone with God and oneself, to sit under the dark cypress in the

cloister-garden, or to listen to the fluttering birds that fly in pairs over hill and dale, where the net is outstretched, and the hunter takes his aim? Ask not the pale, young nun! Disturb her not; she has wept her pains away, and to-day she sings her gladness behind that black barrier.

They related of one of the sisters, who had once sung the sweetest of them all, and was palest of them all, that strangers had missed her one Sunday morning; that at the same hour two old men dug her grave in the cloister-garden; and the spade sounded—it struck against the hard stone; the earth was thrown up, and a marble figure, from the olden time, was raised from the earth. A handsome Bacchus, the God of enjoyment, rose to the light of day from that grave which was to receive one who never enjoyed life. The grave also can be ironical!

From the Church Trinità dei Monti we wander down the street, turn round the corner,

and stand before the Church of the Capuchins. Within its walls are to be found beautiful paintings; in the cloister there are cool walks; they encompass a little garden, where the citron trees grow, their branches heavy with fruit; but we will not linger here. Beneath the church, yet not under ground, is a row of chapels, and these we will visit. The sun shines in here; through the barred windows the air blows fresh and pure, and yet we are amongst the dead. The floor—ceiling, all the small chapels here, are constructed entirely of human bones; whichever side we look we see nothing but the joints of bones; they form rosettes, rings, and figures. One of the skulls has two hip-bones, placed in such a manner beside it that they look like two wings. A throne of bones is raised in one of these niches: two little children's skeletons hover like angels above it, two hip-bones joined together, form their wings. Chandeliers, made also of human bones, hang here, and are drawn

up and down with a small cord. Hands grasping each other, form strange arabesques ; but the floor within each little chapel is of earth, mixed with mould from Jerusalem. The remains of the monks which are laid here, are taken up again after a lapse of eight years ; if the limbs still hang together, the dead body is wrapped in a Capuchin's cloak, and set up in one of the niches, and a bouquet of flowers, or a prayer-book, is placed in his hand.

It is strange to see what an extremely different expression can reside in these mummy-like physiognomies. The monk who shows you about, will often point to one of these silent figures, and say, "He was my friend and brother in the cloister here ; we were dear to each other : pray for us."

The whole is a *memento mori* never to be eradicated, and yet the sight has nothing disagreeable in it ; it is the earthly, the perishable part we see, but it is present to us in our sunshine, in our fresh air,—it is as if it

mocked itself to soften the image of death to others.

The third church we will visit is *Santa Maria degli angeli*. It is situated in the midst of the ruins of Dioclesian's baths, which appear as if they were a part of the old walls of the city. They occupy a considerable space. One part of it seems to serve as a store-house for hay, another is transformed into a large hospital; close up to this, through a row of broken-down arches and shattered walls, is seen an entrance as if into a chapel. We enter, and stand in one of the largest and handsomest churches in Rome.

It is Dioclesian's bathing room. Immense columns, each a single block of granite, still stand proudly and unchanged from his time.*

In this church there is something so pleasant, so refreshing, as if one were in the open

* The eight columns are each sixteen feet in circumference and forty-three in height.

air under the shade of the pine trees ; and at the same time all is so solemn, solitary,—really catholic ! The walls display some of the finest paintings. Here is Domenichino's St. Sebastian, and Carlo Maratti's baptism of Christ.

In the chapel-like building which we pass through, to enter the church, lie the remains of Carlo Maratti to the left, and Salvator Rosa to the right, with the bust of each over their graves. Opposite these two tombs are two others, on which the epitaphs appeared to me the most beautiful and full of meaning that I have hitherto read. They run thus :

Corpus humo tegitur,
Fama per ora volat,
Spiritus astra tenet.

The other is not less significant,

Virtute vixit,
Memoria vivit,
Gloria vivet.

In none other of the large churches in Rome do we find such solitude as here: we see but a few strangers slowly moving upon the marble floor, and a monk drawing the curtain aside from one of the hidden paintings. The door of the cloister stands ajar, and if we have peeped in, we feel a desire to remain here; for in the cloister, as in the church, there is nothing depressing to be seen. Large, cool, refreshing arcades enclose a garden full of the largest cypresses that Rome can boast. I have never seen any poplars higher or more luxuriant than these trees, which cast their broad shade over a fountain.

One feels an inclination to work with the monk who plants roots and herbs in the little gardens outside the cell. Every garden here is like an arbour of vine-leaves, oranges, and lemons. The warm rays of the sun play between the dark green leaves and, as it were, blend with the golden, lustrous fruit.

From this odorous, green chapel of nature the monk wanders into the church, bends his knee, and praises his God in quiet loneliness.

VIII.

FAIRY PALACES IN REALITY.

“THE old gods still live!”—Yes, one can say so in a story—but in reality?—that is itself often a romance.

The child who reads “the Arabian nights,” sees in imagination the most magnificent enchanted palaces, and feels happy in his half-belief; but then comes the child of maturer growth, and says: “Such things are not to be found in reality!” and yet they are to be found here. The Vatican and St. Peter’s church in Rome present a vastness, a pomp, and an ap-

pearance, similar and equal to those palaces which fancy has raised in the old oriental book, "A thousand and one nights." We must ourselves see them, and learn if the old gods still live.

We now stand in St. Peter's place, and perceive to the right and left three rows of arcades. The church directly before us in every respect so vast that we have no measure to describe it; it harmonizes so perfectly with the "place," and with the mighty Vatican close by, that we can only say: "Yes, it is a large three-storied building!" But we look at the crowd that throng up the stairs, and which extend the whole breadth of the building,—and they are reduced to pigmies as soon as the eye has conceived the proportions of the doors and windows. We acknowledge the magnitude without having as yet understood it.

In the centre of the place stands an obelisk.

There are two fountains one on each side of this obelisk. Look at these in conjunction with all, and with respect to all around and about—they are of a suitable size; but if we regard them by themselves we see that they are astonishingly great. It is related of a foreign Prince, that on seeing this immense mass of water, he cried out: “That is enough!”—imagining that this extraordinary display was only made in honour of him, and at an immense expense, and that it was delusion—a brief appearance of reality; but the water continued to spring: and the fountains spring yet with the same freedom and fullness. It is beautiful to see, when the sun’s rays paint a rainbow on the falling drops.

From St. Peter’s Place we proceed to the right through a closed passage into the yard of the Vatican, which is encircled on three sides by that gigantic building. In the same greatness of style as St. Peter’s church, and placed

in juxta position with it ; neither produced that effect it must otherwise have conveyed to the imagination of the beholder.

The soldiers in the costume of the middle ages, look exactly like the knave of clubs in a pack of cards. They are all hired German troops who keep guard in the arcades and the yard. Around every story there is a gallery ; in the uppermost story the walls are painted with geographical maps, *al fresco*. Here the Pope can study the lands his predecessors have once ruled over. The gallery beneath is a complete pictorial bible ; it is the so-called Raphael's tier. It is only during the few last years that they have closed the open arches with windows. The paintings are somewhat faded ; the arabesques are partly destroyed by exposure to the weather, nay, even scratched out by mischievous hands, or scribbled over with the names of travellers whom no one cares about. The lowest gallery leads into that wing of the palace which the Pope does not inhabit, but which contains the

richest and most glorious treasures in the world.

The whole building, as we know, consists of twenty-two court-yards, and eleven thousand rooms—a romantic statement, this, it will be allowed. A few hours' ramble here, is as if one were in an enchanted palace. The most daring fancy cannot in this place invent anything new; it is controlled and rebuked by beholding reality, richer and rarer than its best conceptions.

Let us wander on.

Through a trellised gate we enter a passage, so long, that the distance is almost lost. Everywhere else in the world, but not here, it would be called a rich museum. The floor and walls present reminiscences of the olden times. We peep through a door, and are blinded by the splendour of the colours in the many saloons that succeed and flank each other. The ceilings and walls are loaded with paintings, but none of them fix themselves in the mind; they produce an effect like the coloured patterns in a

kaleidoscope. This is the library, but where are the books? They stand concealed in low cases of white and gold.*

We peep through another door; the light streams through the glass roof; the walls and floor are of polished marble; splendid statues stand on both sides; they seem to have been cut but lately from the marble block, and yet it is more than a thousand years since they vibrated to the stroke of the chisel. One ought to see these treasures by torch-light, then the marble seems to receive life; the moving light makes the muscles appear to swell, the folds of the clothes to move, and the pale face to acquire the hue of health.

But we will pursue our way up the long passage, go up some few stairs, and a row of saloons with the most beautiful reminiscences of ancient times;—the one saloon richer and

* Queen Christina of Sweden's library forms a considerable collection.

more splendid than the other attracts us ; we almost become tired of beholding : how then can we describe ? The gods of Olympus still reign here : the muses greet us mortals :—all is greatness and beauty.

We will only dwell on one small space, and from this we must draw our conclusions of the whole.

We stand in a small yard : the bright sun casts its rainbow-coloured rays over the high water-jet, which splashes in the marble basin. The place is enclosed by open arches, and in this are displayed the world's far-famed glories. Here stands Antinous, the Apollo of the Vatican ; here the Laocoon writhes in eternal pain, encircled by snakes ; here the Gladiators and Perseus of Canova inspire delighted admiration.

One is as if overwhelmed by the greatest productions of art ; it is a repose for the mind and eye to look through the windows, and the sight which yields repose is a prospect over

Rome and the Campagna to the mountains; it is a view over small flag-paved yards or beautiful gardens, which in the winter time display the most alluring verdure. All the avenues are of laurel-trees; the roses appear to start out from the high continuous walls, the water wells forth from artificial grottos and caverns.

Should we not believe it a dream of romance? And yet all here is reality—marvellous reality.

Through a vestibule built in the Egyptian style, filled with grand sarcophagi, each of one single costly stone, we enter,—yes, what? A museum it cannot be called, it is too small—we enter one of the pyramids of Egypt. The whole saloon is decorated like one of the largest and most magnificent burial-chambers in the pyramids; the walls are painted with columns and tropical plants; the ceiling is arched like a firmament—an African starry firmament! of the purest ultramarine colour, and with myriads of rich gilded stars. We feel ourselves in Africa; we are in the midst of the

pyramids, and round about, silent and dark, sit the strange images of gods ! In the side chambers stand the mummies, some of which are freed from their cerements, others quite enclosed and concealed in their painted chests.

From these shapeless images in stone, these glaring colours which confuse the eye, we will go to the most perfect works that art can boast. We find them in a small picture gallery—treasures that can only have been selected from a hundred others, and the way thither leads through many saloons, some with the variegated tapestry of the Gobelins, for which Raphael supplied the drawings, others with maps, and the ground-plans of towns painted in fresco. It is as if every saloon in the Vatican would outvie the other, either by its treasures of art or by its peculiarity.

We now stand amongst the immortal pictures. Which way shall we turn—to what room—towards which wall? There we see Domenichino's dying Jeronimus hovering in the clouds;

Raphael's *Madonna del Foligno*, and his last work the *Transfiguration*. Here, Perugino, Giulio Romano, Titian, and the greatest masters of Italy greet us. Strange enough! a small animal-piece by Paul Potter is seen like a little flower in every-day life, amongst these glories and clouds. It stands by the door, like a modest guest in this paradise of art,—but it is not unworthy of its place.

Large folding doors open, and we stand amongst Raphael's painted poetry, and wander through saloons whose walls own his immortal works. What nature, fancy, and purity in each!

And what remains, after having seen this magnificence—what remains of man's works that can astonish us by a greater richness and splendour? We pass through two saloons; large doors open into what we should call lofty churches, but here they are but chapels; they are filled with splendour, and adorned with paintings; but we go on, lift a curtain and

stand in St. Peter's Church. All is marble, gold, and mosaic work. We stand in the largest church in the world !

"Yes, it *is* great, but not so great as I expected !" is the general expression the first time we enter. It is here, as in nature ; the space is too great for the eye to measure it. The proportions are too gigantic ; we must first walk through the church, we must see that mass of human beings which seems to fill the place without, which moves here within ; we must approach the marble dove that appears to hover in the point of view where we stand, and then see that we must raise our hands to be able to touch it.

The mosaic angels in the dome appear to us so insignificant ! and yet ascending to them, we find that they are several yards in height : looking down, the cross at the altar far below us, towers aloft like one of Rome's palaces.

We must ascend the flat roof the church, and

when we are there it is as if we were in a market-place; the several cupolas appear like chapels, and the largest an immense church. Round about on the roof are erected small houses for the craftsmen who are at work upon it. Here are furnaces and lime-pits; here is a little town; merry children play about on the great open place, and climb up the high parapet to look over Rome and the Campagna to the sea and mountains.

We ought to see St. Peter's Church during the Easter week, to see it in the evening, and in bright sunshine! It is perfectly like enchantment to witness what they call the lighting of the dome; yet it is not alone the dome and the cross high above it that stream with lights, but it is the whole immense building with the colonnades around the place! We see everything in a hue of fire; the lamps are so richly diversified, and placed in such situations, that the whole architectural design stands forth con-

fessed. It has a great effect, on such an evening, to go from the illuminated place into the church itself, where all is night and stillness ; but directly under the dome, by the high altar, beams a glory of several hundred silver lamps, placed on the parapet around St. Peter's grave. We climb up to it, and look down into the chapel shining with gold and silver, where the marble figure of a kneeling Pope prays in silence. There is such a peace, such a devotion in the quiet of the church and in this venerable man's figure, that we ourselves are filled with both, and, like the Catholic, feel a desire to bend in adoration to the Invisible Almighty.

We must wander through this divine temple by sunlight, when it is solitary, and the beautiful voices stream from the side-chapel : we must come here during the great festivals : the music vibrates, the incense perfumes, thousands kneel down and receive an old man's blessing. Everything beams with light, every-

thing glows with gold and colours ! The most famous pictures dispersed through Rome's palaces are here copied in mosaic work, and are made altar pieces. Yet one altar here has no painting or mosaic ; two gigantic figures in papal robes support a throne, but no one sits in it except the invisible God. Immense marble statues stand forth from the shining walls.*

But what does that dark bronze statue, under a throne covered with gold and purple, signify ? The papal guards stand on each side, and the people kiss the feet of that bronze figure. It is the image of St. Peter. It was once Jupiter's ; the lightning is torn from his hands, he now holds the keys. The old gods live yet in Rome. The stranger bends his

* Each statue here represents the founder of an order of monks ; thus, we see the prophet Elias ; a burning wheel represents the glowing car in which he ascends to Heaven ; he stands as the representative of the Camaldulens monks.

knee to them in the museum ; the people kiss their feet in the church. The old gods still live,—that is the beginning and the end of the story.

IX.

CHRISTMAS EVE IN ROME.

THE further the Swede, Norwegian, and Dane travels from home, the louder sings the heart of each when they meet.

“We are one people, we are called Scandinavians!” When I was in Rome, in 1833, the three nations kept their Christmas-Eve in company, like one family. Song and mirth do not agree with the Roman solemnity on the Saviour’s natal festival, therefore, we could not be merry within the gates of the city; but yet we did not lose our pleasure. No city is so tole-

rant as Rome. They let us have a fine suite of rooms outside the city gates ; a large house in the Villa Borghese, in the midst of a grove of pines close to the modern amphitheatre. We ornamented the saloon with garlands and wreaths ; the flowers we plucked from the garden. The air was mild and warm ; it was a Christmas like a fine summer's day at home.

We must have a Christmas tree, a fir tree, as in the North ; but here it was too valuable a treasure. We must, said they, be contented with two large orange trees which were sawn from the roots, and were full of fruit which was not fastened to the branches, but which grew out of them. We were about fifty Scandinavians, including seven ladies, who wore wreaths of living roses around their brows ; we men had wreaths of ivy. The three nations had subscribed to purchase presents which were to be gained by lottery. The best prize was a silver cup, with the inscription : " Christmas Eve in Rome, 1833 : " this was a gift from the

three nations. And who won it?—I was the lucky one.

Towards midnight the elder part of the company broke up and returned to Rome. Byström and Thorvaldsen were amongst them, and I accompanied them.

The city gate was locked, but that we might enter, we were told, that we must give three loud raps with the knocker, and cry out: "*gli Scandinavi.*"

I thought of Holberg's comedy, where Kilian knocks at the gates of Troy; and so I took hold of the knocker, gave the signal, and our pass word, "*gli Scandinavi.*"

A little wicket in the gate was opened, and one by one we crept into that city of the world.

It was a merry Christmas! The night was warm and mild as a summer night in the North.

And now, the same evening, in 1840, no one had thought of any arrangement for Christmas.

Every one sat at home. It was cold weather ; the fire in the stove would not warm my chamber.

Thought flew far away ; it flew towards the North.

Now, it whispered, there is the Yule-tree lighted up with a hundred parti-coloured lights ; the children exult in sweetest happiness ! Now they sit around the table at home, sing a song, and drink a health to absent friends. There is hilarity in the town, there is mirth in the country in the old mansion. The passages are ornamented with firs and lights ; carpets are laid on the stairs ; the servants, neatly dressed, trip busily up and down. The music sounds, and the procession begins ; it proceeds to the large ball-room ! O, Christmas is a merry time in the North !

I left my solitary chamber ! People flocked to the church Maria Maggiore.

Some few lamps still burned within the church. Men, women, and children, who had

wandered hither from the Campagna and the mountains, sat and lay on the steps leading to the chapels and altars in the side aisles. Some of the poor folks had fallen asleep from very weariness; others counted their beads.

The candles were now lighted. The whole church shone with purple and gold. The incense spread its perfumes, the music resounded, the anthem announced "Glory to the new-born King!" The old Cardinals bore the cradle of Christ on their shoulders through the aisles of the church, and the people saw a ray of glory around it, brighter than that shed by the thousand lights. It was as if the shepherds sang, and as if the angels sang. And there came peace and good-will in the human heart.

X.

THREE ROMAN BOYS.

WE find large palaces in Rome in narrow, winding streets, which, if they stood in an open place, would be pronounced buildings of consequence. I will draw such a one with pen and ink; and I hope so correctly, that my readers will be able to find it again when they know that it is in the street Ripetta, they must look for it.

High piazzas, with finely wrought marble pillars inclose a little square court-yard; statues stand between the pillars, and in the niches of

the walls are disfigured marble images. The walls are covered below with bas-reliefs, and above with colossal heads of Roman Emperors. Grass and creeping plants hang about the pedestals, and shoot forth from the folds of the marble drapery. The spider has spun its web, like a mourning veil, between gods and emperors. In the yard lie cabbage stalks, lemon peels, and broken bottle-cases. Earth has collected in heaps around the sides of the marble sarcophagi that stand here; they once enclosed some of Rome's mighty men; now, they contain broken pots, salad leaves, and earth.

The broad marble stairs which lead to the saloons of the palace, are still dirtier than the yard. Three bare-legged, half-frozen beggar-boys sit here in a circle; the one has a ragged carpet thrown over his shoulders like a cloak, and a reed, as a tobacco-pipe, in his mouth. The other has a covering for his feet of rags bound together with packthread. His coat is

so large and wide that it would fold twice round the lad, and I really believe it serves him, in addition, for trousers. The third has a hat on, and for the rest a waistcoat, I believe no more, unless, perhaps, the slipper that lies at the bottom of the stairs, may claim him for its master. All three are playing at cards.

Can it interest you to know a little more of these three young Romans or their families? Perchance, the chief personages of the family are assembled at this moment on the terrace by the Piazza del Popolo. Here stands a group of black-bearded men in striped clothes of blue and white; it is a well-known uniform, to which there is generally a chain appended, but it is usually worn around the legs. These are the Roman slaves. The first one resting there on his spade, is father to the boy who wears the ragged carpet as a cloak across his shoulders. Yes, that is the father! But he is neither a thief nor a robber; he is only a scoundrel! It is a short story. To vex his

master he became a slave. To vex his master he has placed contraband goods in his waggon, and he took care that they should be found ; for the law in Rome demands, in such cases, that horses and waggon, if even the master be innocent, shall be forfeited and given to the police. The man becomes a slave, but the master must give fifteen *bajocchi* to support the slave ; this is a great expense. If the fellow be industrious, then every year of his imprisonment consists but of eight months, and he receives the highest payment for his work.

This is the shrewd calculation he makes, as he leans on his spade :

“ Master has lost his waggon and horses ! Master must every day pay money for my board ! I have free lodging, constant work, the highest wages, and I am an extolled slave ! and that is, perhaps, more than my son will ever be.”

On the promenade close by, rolls a light

little gig. A rich Frenchman, of some thirty and odd years, is driving. He has been in Rome before; it is more than eight years ago. He now shows his young wife about in the first city of the world. They have just seen to-day a beautiful female statue by Canova, and admired it; and the Frenchman knew those graceful forms which are now immortalized in marble—but he did not say so. The beautiful Giuditta is dust; her son is the second boy amongst the card-players: he wraps himself up in his large coat, and the father wraps himself up in his rich mantle, as he hurries on along the promenade.

The third little fellow, with hat and waist-coat! Yes, where shall we find his parents? yet, we have the scent.

Under a tree in the avenue, stands a little wrinkled woman, with her fire-pot on her arm; she begs for a little money in the name of Madonna! She cannot be the boy's grand-

mother, still less his mother. No, but she is the only one that can tell us something about him.

In the direction of the bridge Castel d'Angelo, there is a street leading from Peter's Place. In this street there is a large building, and in the walls there is a moveable niche decorated with the same sort of stuff as the slaves' clothes. At the bottom of the niche there is a soft pillow. It turns round on a pivot, and close by there is a large bell. Nine years ago this little wrinkled woman came here, laid a little bundle in the niche, turned it round, rang the bell, and hastened away. This is the Foundling Hospital.

The third boy comes from thence. The old woman could tell us the whole story, but of what use would it be? The rich young Signora is far away in that floating Venice, a pattern of severity and of pure morals. But her son—he is well off! he sits on marble, and plays out the trumps.

These three boys are good subjects for the pencil. The expression in the eyes—every movement—the dirty cards and the thick cloud of smoke from the cigars ! That is a group !

They are disturbed by a flock of turkeys, which two peasants, with long white sticks, drive up the marble stairs to one of the higher saloons, where the purchaser lives ; and where they will have permission to waddle about, for some few days, on the stone floor under the painted ceiling, that displays the rich arms of the deceased race.

XI.

RELIGIOUS CUSTOMS.

MOST persons require some sensual provocative, ere on fixed days and hours they are able to raise their minds to devotion ; and the Catholic Church service has such an influence, but it loses too much by the ceremonies. It seems as if the Church had not rightly understood the doctrine, that, unless we be as children, we can not enter the kingdom of heaven,—for it often regards its congregation as children, who see and believe, who live in dreams more than in thought.

Every festival that I have seen in Rome included a really fine idea or thought ; but the explication thereof was often, if I may use the expression, made too corporeal. They would show to the external sense what only belongs to feeling, and hence, a soulless caricature, not a devotional picture, was presented to view.

I believe that all well-educated Catholics will agree with me in this ; for whenever my religious feelings have been wounded at these festivals, I never saw any other congregation than people of the very lowest class, whose mental conceptions stand on a level with the child's.

There is, undeniably, something beautiful in the idea, that Christians one day in the year remember the first Christian brethren who suffered and died for the faith, and, as it were, sealed its power and holiness with their blood. Thus the Catholics have a feast for the martyrs, and one of the most splendid churches in Rome, is dedicated to them. It is opened but

once in the year, the 26th of December, when all within is a blaze of light, and the floor as well as the way thither, is strewed with evergreens ; but here nothing is shown to impress the thought of greatness of mind in the martyrs, or of strength in the belief which gave them courage to offer up their lives for it. The death of the martyrs is represented in glaring pictures round about ; we see a row of horrible executions ; here the breasts of a woman are cut off ; there one is torn to death ; here the eyes are plucked out ; there another cut limb from limb, and then roasted or boiled.

We turn away from these disgusting scenes ; the mind feels oppressed by this sight, instead of being filled by spiritual greatness.

There is something poetically beautiful in celebrating Christmas as a children's festival ; but the manner in which it is celebrated in the church of Ara-Cœli in Rome, annihilates the beauty of the idea by its material performance.

One of the side chapels in the left aisle of the church is completely transformed into a theatre, with side scenes, wings, and decorations. The scene presents a rural country. Here sits a figure representing Madonna, dressed in real clothes; on her lap rests the infant Jesus formed of wax, and glittering with gold and jewels; Joseph stands by her side, while the shepherds bring their offerings. The Almighty, surrounded by angels, painted on pasteboard, is seen in the clouds.

The Papal soldiers keep guard before this exhibition, which is well lighted; a table is placed by one of the nearest pillars, and on this, mothers set their children, and those quite little ones of five or six years: one child then runs over a poem concerning the child Jesus or Christmas. It frequently happens that the little preacher either becomes afraid, and stops suddenly, or raises his little voice so comically, that the whole audience begin to laugh. But it is not only one that speaks; we often see

two, or even three little girls placed side by side, who carry on a dialogue in verse about *Bambino's* beauty.

This festival is at its highest on the 6th of January. I was there: it was a rainy day, with a *sirocco*; the strong perfume of the incense was oppressive, being blended with the perspiration and breath of the garlic-eating peasants, and the dirty, ragged beggars. I felt myself quite unwell. The festival, however, went on. A little girl said her verse boldly; a mass was sung, and then the procession through the church to the little theatre commenced. One of the monks climbed up to it, took the infant Jesus out of Madonna's arms, and then crawled down again with it; but at this moment a whole choir of music joined in with the liveliest airs. Cymbals and drums resounded through the church; it was a march like one in an Opera Buffa! It was intended to express the heart's jubilee, that an infant Saviour was given to mankind; but this scene made my

blood run chill. I felt myself seized with disgust, and sought the door. Some peasants, who attempted to cross the aisle through which the procession was to pass, were struck on the chest by two powerful monks, so that they staggered back; but I, as a stranger, was allowed to pass. I sought the doorway, but the whole procession followed, quick march, behind me, and were on the high stairs as soon as myself. The rain poured down; the bishop raised the infant Jesus in his arms to the crowd without! All fell on their knees. A cry from the nearest monk of "An umbrella! an umbrella! the child will be wet!" sounded in my ears.

I felt as if I had left a profaned temple of God. "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do," was my involuntary prayer. The church, Jesus, and the Virgin Mary, were too holy in my breast for these meretricious ceremonies.

I must speak of another festival, which, considered as to its intention, is christianly beau-

tiful, but which, carried into effect, is more comic than edifying. The design is this: that even animals should partake of the Lord's grace and blessing.

On a certain day, or rather in a stated week, —for if one day be not sufficient, the festival is extended to several days in succession — the peasant leads his ass, and even sometimes his pig, to St. Anthony's church, to be sprinkled with holy water, and thereby preserved from sickness and witchcraft. All the horses, from the Vetturino's broken-down hack, to the Pope's own steeds, come to the church, which stands open, and on all the altars are candles. The floor is strown with evergreens, the walls thickly hung with pictures, painted *al fresco*, but miserably executed. They are representations of St. Anthony's temptations. In one place the devil comes and knocks at his door; in another place the devil stands mocking at the glory of the saints. The whole space before the

cloister is filled with people. Here are groups for a painter !

Side by side stand carriages filled with strangers, all standing up to see the show ; horse-soldiers keep the streets clear. Now comes a carriage filled with children, who are so happy because the horses are about to be blessed ; now comes another carriage with a pious old married couple, who cross themselves as they stop before the cloister door, where the monk stands with a plasterer's brush in his hand, and sprinkles the horses with holy water. A chorister gives a picture of St. Anthony to the coachman, and for this he receives one or more wax tapers, which are afterwards consecrated in the cloister, and sold at a high price.

It is quite picturesque to see the peasant boys on the horses that are to be blessed ; they do not sit on the back of the animal, but quite near the tail. Ribbons of various colours flutter from their pointed hats ; their jackets and trou-

sers are so patched, that one cannot tell which was the original fabric of their clothes.

I saw a little old woman dragging a very small ass along ; it had silk ribbons about its tail, and on each haunch was pasted a little pig made out of gilt paper ! The old woman stood before the monk with great devotion, bowed low, and crossed herself. The boys pricked the little ass under the tail with long pins, so that the soldiers were obliged to come to the aid of the poor woman and her ass.

From the cloister door the peasant rides in full trot across the place to one of the open inns, and enters the room with the animal, sits down at the long deal table, where the other peasants are seated drinking, in order that he may become an animal himself to-day, and gain admission to the blessing.*

* On the same day they lead sheep ornamented with rosettes and gold to the church of St. Agnes, outside the walls of the city, and there bless them. The legend, which is very ancient, tells us of St. Agnes, that

I must, in this place, mention a festival which, although it does not belong to those of the church, is yet in a manner connected with them ; it is the feast of languages in Propaganda, which they give, as it is called, "*in onore dei santi re magi.*" We may, with

she was equally beautiful and innocent, and that, accordingly, when she was about to deny her Christian faith, she was led into a house dedicated to vice, where the soldiers and vagabonds found women of vicious habits. Agnes was dragged naked into a chamber, and delivered over to two rough soldiers ; but at the same moment, says the legend, her fine long hair became still longer and thicker than before, so that it hung like a cloak around her shoulders, and down to her feet ; and, as the soldiers were about to lay hands on her, a shining angel stepped between them and her, so that they were frightened, and fled. Pure and undefiled, she met her death on the pyre. A church, dedicated to St. Agnes, is now erected where that vile house stood, and a chapel in the cellar is shown as the chamber in which she was protected by the angel. The church stands on Piazza Navona.

equal justice call Propaganda, an universal academy, or a Noah's ark, just as we feel disposed. Young men from all parts of the world are educated here for missionaries. Here are children from California to China, from Ireland to the Cape of Good Hope; every one of them repeats a poem by rote in his native tongue. But a man must be a *Mez-zofanti* to profit by this Babel-like Anthology.

It is elevating to see how far around the globe this blessing-bringing christian doctrine makes its way; but it is with the auditory in Propaganda as with the spectators at the before-mentioned ceremonies,—they have not time to retain what is elevating in thought, which the feast itself might superinduce; they are made to laugh, and where laughter predominates, devotion is gone.

The young men of the Propaganda receive the Cardinals and all strangers who come to the festival; we are conducted to a seat and

after an introduction, which is uttered in Latin, poems are recited in forty-four languages. The less the audience understand of these poems, the more they applaud; it was so at least on this occasion, when I heard them cheer loudest an Ethiopian and two Chinese, their languages sounding most like gibberish and awaking the loudest laughter. During the repetition of a German poem, I saw two Italian monks of the Capuchin order laugh to a degree, at what was to them so curious a language, that they were nearly falling to the floor.

The most different languages and dialects are to be heard in this place; sometimes they also sing a song which may be very interesting, but is never pretty. The impression of the whole feast is that of a burlesque representation. We understood nothing, and laughed at what sounded meaningless in our ears.

Meanwhile, we read year after year in the German newspapers about the great effect of

this festival; but the effect is really only this—we laugh.

All the ceremonies I have described, made so deep an impression on me, that I could not pass them over; albeit, there is much, great and peculiar, that I shall omit from this my collection of pictures of Rome. These pages, however, would press upon my mind like a millstone if I thought they could give offence to a single enlightened Catholic; but this I cannot believe. I have stated facts; but I respect everything that is truly religious in every creed, and in every sincere believer.

XII.

THE CASCADES OF TIVOLI.

It was in the beginning of February, but on a beautiful sunny day: the almond trees were in bloom. A carriage, wherein were three Danes, rolled down the old Via Tiburtina, past the Church of St. Lorenzo; they must see the falling waters at Tivoli by torch-light. Ruins of monuments of ancient times, and shattered towers of the middle ages, stand conspicuous on the rugged Campagna. Herdsmen in sheep-skin jackets, and with a picture of the Madonna on their pointed, sun-burnt hats, lean

against the dilapidated walls where a fire is lighted, and from whence the blue grey smoke rises into the air.

We already felt the poisonous stench from the little River Solfatare. It is but a rivulet, yet its poisonous vapours have killed all the fresh shoots of grass and herbs around it; a brimstone yellow scum flows down the foul water. We drove at full gallop, and were soon out of that pestilential district. The River Anio, with its fresh stream, rush-grown banks, and picturesque tower bade us welcome to the mountain territory. The road was on an ascent, and always amongst trees; a magnificent olive grove was before the town. A strange tone of atmosphere enveloped the large extended Campagna. That blueness, that violet colour in the mountains far distant and close by us, and the dark green in the leaves of the trees, had an imposing effect. The sun as it went down, cast a red, fiery light on the trunks of the trees; they appeared to be

gilded; the sound of bagpipes was heard under the declivity of the mountain. The whole was a picture of a fine southern evening's delicious tranquillity. With the buoyancy of youth, we all three exulted in this beautiful expanse of nature.

The sun went down at no great distance from that point in the horizon, where the dome of St. Peter's rose enthroned, and it was soon dark evening. We wandered through the dusky streets to the opposite side of the town; to Albergo del Sibilla, which takes its name from the old Sybil's temple, that is built to the very edge of the precipice overhanging the foaming waters. We heard from the road the wild continuous thunder of the large cascades. A guide lighted his torch; another followed us with two large bundles of hay, which were to be lighted in the grottos in front of the falling waters. It was quite pitch dark in the little garden without; the flame of the torch merely illumined the nearest hedges.

The sky was covered with stars, but they shed no light. We followed a little path between the bushes, ever on the descent, and were all the while deafened by the roar of the waterfall below us. That we were only able to see the nearest objects around the guide, who bore the burning torch, and that all the rest lay in utter darkness, gave a touch of the romantic to the adventure. Not one of us knew whether the abyss in which we heard the water foaming, was behind the nearest hedges, or close by the green sward on which we sometimes trod.

The path soon became quite narrow; we had the steep rock to the right, the abyss to the left; the guide struck his torch upon the ground, so that it was almost extinguished, then swung it in the air, and it again threw out a flame, whilst the pitch-black smoke whirled away over the glittering leaves of the trees.

All at once he stopped, uttered a wild shout, and pointed upwards to the inn. Aloft on the

edge of the rock and directly over us, lay the old round Sybil's temple. They had lighted a bundle of hay between the columns; the fire threw a flaming light on the pillars and walls, which looked as if they contained a burnt offering; the waters still sang their majestic hymn with the same voice of thunder as on one of those nights consecrated to the goddesses! For a second the whole temple was surrounded with rays of the most exuberant light, and then it was again night—dark night.

We held on our way down the narrow path: incrustations hung in picturesque diversity over our heads; close to us was a declivity—how deep was this? The light from the torch disclosed no bottom: the waters roared quite near us. We had to hold on by the green hedges that we might not fall into the deep. The cliffs, like a natural staircase, soon led us into the Siren's grotto. In order to understand each other we were obliged to shout at the very top of our voices, for the cascades

rush through the grotto with an almost deafening sound. Fire was quickly set to a bundle of hay; the clear flame lighted up the cavern which was dripping with water.

The red flame of the fire played on the white watery column, which, with the lightning's speed dashed from an immense height, and again forced its way through an opening in the cliff. The guide threw out burning hay upon the foaming stream, and the hay burnt as the water whirled it along into the yawning abyss, and for a moment it showed us the deep whirlpool.

A few years ago, a young Englishman slid from one of the slippery stones where a little cross-beam is now placed, and disappeared for ever. The now reigning Pope,* Gregory the Sixteenth, to prevent the town from falling in suddenly,—for it is undermined by the many

* It may be unnecessary to tell our readers that, since Andersen wrote this work, Pope Gregory XVI. has been succeeded by Pius IX.—TR.

waterfalls,—has made a new outlet to the river Anio, which outlet forms the cascades, so that by these means a waterfall has been produced, which in size surpasses all the others. When I visited Tivoli in 1834, this work was in operation, and was completed two years afterwards ; where I then walked and plucked flowers, there now foams, and perhaps for ever will foam, Tivoli's largest cascade. To this cascade we now directed our steps ; but we were first obliged to ascend the rugged and slippery steps. We had again to hold fast by the fresh myrtle branches close by the precipice, and at this critical moment, in a situation of imminent peril, the torch went quite out. The thought ran through me that we must remain here for the night, that we must sit down in the hedges, and not move a foot—or it is death. A moment of dead silence followed ; the torch flew whizzing in the air ; the guide had thrown it with all his strength against the rock. The flame blazed faintly again, and soon

after gave a brilliant light. He now went brisker forward up a broader path, singing as he went. By degrees everything showed the influence of art over nature. Here were strong railings and walled stairs, with a steep descent. The torch shone over the balustrade ; a cloud of water broken into foam rose up towards us. The whole stream fell into the dark, giddy deep, looking like the whitest milk. We passed through a long arch in which the river had its new bed, and through which it approached the fall with the swiftness of an arrow. Here was no balustrade ; the torch lighted up the stream, burning hay was thrown into it, and it glided swift as the flight of a bird into the dizzy pool. I felt all my nerves assailed ; I was obliged to cling to the wall, and fix my eye for a time on the firm arch above me. It was impossible to understand one another here, so loud was the roaring of the powerful stream. Half an hour afterwards we all three sat in a large room above the falls, around a well furnished table.

We spoke of Denmark and of all our dear friends ; healths were drunk to them, whilst the cascades and cataracts thundered in chorus.

It was an evening full of poetry. We stood arm-in-arm by the open window ; the stars glistened so brightly that we could discern the foaming masses of water like a white veil, in the depth below us. They joined in with their loud and eternal song—a song such as no poet can sing.

XIII.

MY BOOTS.

(A TRUE STORY.)

THERE is a street in Rome which is called Via Purificazione, but we cannot say of it, that it is purified. It is an up and down sort of place ; cabbage stalks and old broken pots lie strown round about ; the smoke rolls out of the door of the *osteria*, and Signora opposite—nay I cannot help it ; but it is true—Signora opposite shakes her sheets out of the window every morning. In this street there are generally many strangers ; but this year most of

them remained at Naples and Florence, for fear of the fever and pestilential sickness that was in Rome. I lived quite alone in a large house, not even the host or hostess slept there at night.

It was a large, cold house, with a little wet garden, in which there were only a row of peas, and a half-blown gilliflower; yet in the neighbouring gardens, which were at a higher elevation, stood blooming hedge-rows with monthly roses, and trees full of yellow citrons. The latter bore the continual rain well; but the roses, on the contrary, appeared as if they had lain for a week in the sea.

The evenings were so lonesome in the cold, large rooms: the black chimney yawned between the windows, and out-of-doors were rain and drizzle. All the doors were well secured with locks and iron bars; but of what use were they? The wind whistled and screeched through the crevices in the doors; the few sticks in the chimney blazed up, but they did not

throw any warmth into the room; the cold stone floor, the raw walls, and the high ceiling, seemed only to be adapted for the summer season.

If I would make myself comfortable, I was obliged to put on my fur-lined travelling boots, surtout, cloak, and fur cap; yes, then it was well enough! It is true, that side which was turned towards the fire-place was half roasted: but in this world one must know how to change sides, and so I turned, like a sun-flower.

The evenings were somewhat long, but then my teeth began to give some nervous concerts, and it was remarkable how they improved in dexterity. A real Danish tooth-ache is not to be compared to an Italian one. Pain played on the keys of the teeth, as if it were a Liszt or a Thalberg. Sometimes it rumbled in the foreground, and then anon in the background, as when two martial bands answer each other, whilst a large front tooth sang the prima

donna's part with all the trills, roulades, and cadences of torture. There was such harmony and power in the whole, that I at last felt no longer like a human being!

From an evening it slid into a night concert, and it was during such a one, whilst the windows shook with the storm, and the rain poured down without, that I cast a half melancholy look at the night lamp. My writing materials stood close by it, and I saw quite distinctly that the pen danced over the white paper, as if led by an invisible hand; but it was not so, it did it of its own accord. It wrote after dictation—and who dictated? Yes, it sounds strange, but it is true. I say it, and you will believe me—it was my boots, my old Copenhagen boots which, because they were soaked through with the rain, had earned a place in the chimney by the red embers. If I suffered from tooth-ache, they also suffered from water-ache; they dictated their own

biography, and this I think will throw a light on the Italian winter of 1840—41.

The boots said :—

“ We are two brothers, right boot and left boot. Our first remembrance is, that we were well rubbed in with wax, and then extremely well brushed up and polished. I could see myself in my brother, and he could see himself in me ; and we saw that we were one body, a sort of Castor and Pollux, a species of Siamese twins, whom fate had determined should live and die, exist and not exist with each other. We were both born in Copenhagen.

“ The shoemaker’s boy carried us in his hand forth into the world, and the first glimpse awakened sweet but false expectations about our destination. He to whom we were consigned, immediately pulled us by the ears till we closed round his legs, and then he went down the stairs with us. We creaked with joy. It rained outside, but we still creaked ; but only the first day.

“Alas ! how much wet there is to get through in this world ! We were not born to be waterproof boots, and therefore did not feel ourselves happy. No brush gave us the lustre of our youth ; this lustre we possessed when the shoemaker’s boy carried us in his hand through the streets ; who can therefore depict our happiness when we one morning heard that we were to travel abroad—yes, to Italy, that sunny, warm land, where we should tread on marble and classic ground, drink in the warm sunbeams, and surely regain our youthful lustre. We travelled. During the longest routes we slept in the portmanteau and dreamed of the warm lands. In the towns, on the contrary, we looked well about us, but it was wet and raw as in Denmark. Our *soles* got a gangrene ; they were obliged to be parted from the body in Munich, and we found ourselves with new soles instead : but they were made as well as if they had been born with us. ‘ Were we but over the Alps,’ we sighed ; ‘ it is fine and mild

there.' And we got over the Alps, but it was *not* fine and mild there!—it rained and it blew; and if we happened now and then to tread on marble, it was so icy cold, that the marble drew the cold perspiration out of our soles, and the damp traces of them remained where we had trodden.

“It was quite lively in the evening when the waiter numbered all the boots and shoes in the hotel; we were placed in a row amongst these foreign comrades, and heard from them about the places they came from. There was a pair of beautiful red morocco bodies with black feet, (I think it was in Bologna) and they told us about the warm summer in Rome and Naples; they told us about their climbing up Vesuvius, where the feet were burnt off them by the subterranean heat; alas! we almost desired to die in such a manner. “Were we but over the Appenines! were we but in Rome!”—and we went there!—But now we have grovelled in rain and sludge

week after week ! But one must see all things, we suppose, and there will never be an end, either of curiosities or pouring rain ! Not a warm ray has refreshed us ; the cold wind has gambolled around us ! O Rome ! Rome ! to-night, for the first time, we will drink warmth from the blessed chimney, and we will drink till we burst ! The upper leathers are all gone, and our bodies are giving way : *they* will burst too ! But before we die this happy death, we wish this our history to be noted down, and our dead bodies brought to Berlin to rest with him who has had courage and manliness enough to depict '*Italien wie es ist !*' to the truth-loving Nicolai—" and having said thus much, the boots fell together.

It was quite still ; my night lamp went out ; I dozed a little, and when I awoke in the morning, I thought it was a dream ; but I looked into the chimney ; the boots were quite shrunk up ; they stood like mummies

standing amid the cold ashes. I looked at the paper as it lay by my lamp ; it was a grey paper full of ink spots ; the pen had really passed over it, but the words had all run into each other for the pen had written the boots' memoirs on grey paper. I noted down what I still remembered ; and the reader will recollect that it is not I, but my boots, who cry "Woe"! to—*la bella Italia!*

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